When Harry Met Lily

Lily Evans sat quietly in the Great Hall staring blankly into a bowl of porridge. Term had started only several weeks earlier, and as usual, she had already jumped in full force. She had spent the previous night studying for a very important Potions exam. Her mind wasn't completely on her schoolwork lately however, much to her dismay. It was Lily's sixth year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and she had only one year left until she would be done with school. Exceptionally bright, and very sweet, Lily was always a pleasure to be around. The words, "Excellent Miss Evans! 10 points for Gryffindor!" were never uncommon. She was not a complete bookworm however, as her friends found her as charming as the professors did.

"Lil, you all right?" said a male voice from beside her.

"Yes," she said as she forced a smile in the direction of her boyfriend James Potter.

"You sure?" he said with a look of concern. His dark hair was falling in front of his dark eyes, which were usually framed by glasses. Lily noticed however, that at this moment his glasses were starting to slip down the bridge of his nose.

"Yes James," she said as she snapped back into sense of reality. She ran her hand through her shoulder length auburn hair to get it out of her face and started to eat her porridge.

"Just making sure," he said smiling sweetly. "You've seemed distant lately."

"I know," she said slowly. "I'm fine though." She reached over and brushed the hair out of James' face.

"Thanks," he said as he leaned in a quickly kissed her.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Evans?" said a voice from behind him. They both turned to see Professor McGonagall standing over them. "You know what I said about snogging in the public areas…"

"I hardly think that was considered snogging," James mumbled.

"Never the less Mr. Potter," she continued, "Miss Evans and yourself are to conduct your private affairs in…"

"Private?" James offered.

"Exactly," Professor McGonagall said. "5 points from Gryffindor. I expect more from two prefects in the future. If we need to have this conversation again, we will have to reevaluate your prefect status."

"Way to go James," Sirius Black said jokingly from across the table. Sirius and James had been best friends for ages. From what James had told Lily, they had been friends since they both were able to tease each other. It was always a joke between the two of them. However, if another person were to say something sour about the other, that person would end up getting the wrath of both boys. They were more like brothers than friends.

"Sod off," James said to Sirius as Professor McGonagall walked away. "Like you haven't ever lost Gryffindor points due to snogging in bushes with Ravenclaw girls."

"I admit it," Sirius said as his dark hair started to fall in front of his mischievous blue eyes. "You and I used to be a team with that. Seeing how many girls we could pull…"

"Anyway," James said changing the subject. Lily smiled, she knew all about James's promiscuous past. However, when her and him had started dating at Christmas time of their 5th year, he had changed dramatically. Still a troublemaker with the rest of his friends, but as far as his relationship with girls, he had completely changed.

"I'm going to go to the library," Lily said standing up.

"Why," Sirius said looking up her. "You're already ages ahead of everyone. Even ahead of James and I, and that's saying something."

"I don't know," Lily said as she picked up her bag. "Just in the mood."

"Want some company?" James asked. She smiled as she looked at him. She knew he would come with her if she asked him, but knew he also didn't really want to be rushed off to the library.

"No, you stay," she said. "I'll see you in Potions later." She leaned in forward to kiss him goodbye before stopping abruptly several inches from his lips.

James craned his face around Lily to view the Head Table, where the professors were all sitting. "She's not looking," James said as he quickly leaned in and met her lips. "See you."

"Bye," she said. "Bye Sirius." She walked off quickly as she set out of the Great Hall and headed off to the library. Meanwhile, almost twenty years in the future, two young 6th year Gryffindors were walking out of that very same Great Hall.

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"It bothers you," Hermione Granger said as her and one her best friends walked out of the Great Hall having just finished breakfast.

"Why would it bother me?" Ron Weasley asked slightly aggravated.

"Because he's your best friend and she's your sister," Hermione said stopping to look Ron in his eyes. She always knew when he was upset or embarrassed because she could always see his ears

burning red and slowly his face would also match that of his ears and his bright red hair.

"So?" Ron said not looking at her. His eyes were focused on the wall, as if he was trying to see something that wasn't there.

"So…" Hermione said trying to still catch his eyes. "So, it bothers you that Harry has suddenly taken an interest in another Weasley beside you. Now he has another reason to come visiting the Burrow during the holidays."

"Not if I have anything to say about it! I mean, Ginny's only a kid, Herm!" Ron said referring to his younger sister.

"Ron," Hermione said trying to stifle a grin. "She's fifteen. She's a year younger than you are. Maybe if you paid her a little more attention you'd realize this."

"Still," Ron said trying to find a reasonable excuse to protest. "Since when are you on her side anyway?"

"I'm not on anyone's side, Ron," Hermione said sighing. Ron always had a tendency to over react. He had gotten angry with her for lesser things in the past, and now he was on their other best friend, Harry Potter, for asking Ginny to the upcoming ball.

"Whatever," Ron mumbled.

"You know you're over reacting," Hermione said as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. "Harry would never hurt Ginny."

"I know," Ron said suddenly calming down a bit. "It's just…why my little sister?"

"Well like I said," Hermione added, "if you had been paying attention the past couple of years, you'd realize that she's fancied Harry for ages."

"I knew that," Ron said interrupting. "I just never thought that Harry would…" He trailed off.

"Feel the same way about her?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah," he said looking down at her, seeing as he had just had a growth spurt and was at least a head taller than she was.

"Well," Hermione said offering a bit of encouragement, "At least it's Harry and not some twit like Draco Malfoy."

"I'd kill him," Ron said very seriously. "If I ever even caught him looking at her…"

Hermione smiled. That was one of the things she loved about Ron, his good nature. He was always willing to stick up for his friends and those he cared about. "Anyway," Hermione said narrowing her eyes at Ron. "What if the situation was reverse?"

"How do you mean?" Ron asked.

"Like if was me," Hermione said. "Like if I was to fancy Fred or George. How would you react then? Hardly the same way I'd think."

"I always pictured you with Percy more myself," Ron said smiling. "You two could sit in the library and talk about ancient spells on your dates."

"Ron…" Hermione said rolling her eyes. "I was being serious."

"So was I," Ron said smiling even wider now. "Thanks Herm, I know I was over reacting, but I can't help it sometimes. I guess I was just a bit jealous."

"I thought so," Hermione said smiling.

"Right as always," Ron mumbled as he extended his arms towards Hermione. She walked forward and hugged him, patting him on the back as a friendly gesture. At least she told herself that. It was really to make her think of something besides Ron and her touching, which tended to make her a little flustered.

"Get a room you two," Harry Potter said as he emerged from the Great Hall and made his way over to them. Hermione quickly jumped back as if startled.

"Hey Ron," Harry said slowly as he approached. "You think we can talk?"

"Yeah," Ron said looking over at him, "bout what?"

"Look," Harry said as the three of them made their way to Potions. "If you're upset about Ginny and I going to the ball, I'll uninvite her. I should have asked you first and I really wasn't thinking about it at the time. I don't want anything like this to jeopardize our friendship."

"It's all right," Ron said. "Hermione's right, better you than some stupid little prat."

"So you're ok?" Harry asked as he cast a look to Hermione.

"Doesn't really matter does it?" Ron said grinning. "None of my business really. If you hurt her though Harry, best mate or not I swear I will beat you into a bloody pulp."

"I think I can deal with that," Harry said half joking as the three of them walked into Potions class.

"10 points from Gryffindor!" Professor Snape said as the three of them entered the room.

"For what?" Harry asked outraged as they made their way to the back of the room.

"5 more points!" Snape said once again. "For speaking out of turn, Potter. If you three had realized the time, you would have realized that you are late."

Hermione looked down at her watch. "Forty-five seconds, Sir?"

"Correct," Professor Snape said as her smiled most fiercely at them. "No one is to ever be late for my lesson. Now, you've wasted enough time with your useless questions. All of you…"

Harry looked up and saw the blonde terror that was Draco Malfoy and his two gorilla-like cronies Crabbe and Goyle all smiling and restraining laughter.

"Stupid Slytherians," Harry mumbled to Ron and Hermione. "Why does he hate me so much?"

"Well he hated your dad didn't he?" Ron suggested. "Guess it's genetic."

"Stupid prat," Harry mumbled even lower than before as they all began to pay attention, or in Ron and Harry's case pretended to pay attention, to their Potions lesson.

**A/N: Not to thrilling yet, but you gotta set a story line! I've got the first two chapters done, and seeing on how things go, I'll write more….

"Hello Miss Evans," Madame Pince the librarian said as she noticed the sixteen-year-old girl sitting at a table by herself. "Looking for anything specific today?"

"No," Lily said smiling. "Just doing some last minute studying for Potions."

"Well dear," she said smiling. "If you don't know it now, you won't know it at all."

"Oh I know it," Lily said closing the book. "I just like to read it over several more times."

"In case something changes?" Madame Pince asked.

"Something like that," Lily said as she checked her watch. "I need to get going or I'll miss my exam."

"Well good luck dear," Madame Pince said.

"I'll most likely be back later," Lily said. "I have a history of magic essay on the Great Wizards Convention of 1782 to write."

Madame Pince flinched. "Umm…will you be with your entourage?"

"Entourage?" Lily asked. "Oh you mean my friends. Probably not."

"Oh good," Madame Pince said relieved. "As much as I admire your boyfriend, they tend to be a bit rowdy."

Lily smiled as she said goodbye and walked out of the library and hurried off to potions. She turned a corner quickly and ran smack into Severus Snape, a 6th year Slytherian who was only a few inches taller than Lily with slicked back dark hair.

"Watch it Evans!" he spat.

"You watch it," Lily said as she picked up her book and quickly stepped around him. Severus Snape had never deliberately ever gone out of his way to bother her until her and James had gotten

together. He had never been mean or particularly rude, all though he knew full well that she was Muggle born, and it was well known that he particularly disliked those who weren't from a pure blooded wizarding families. Still he had more of less ignored her instead of tortured her like the other Muggle born witches and wizards in the school, that was until last year when he found out about James. Then he became ruthlessly mean and disrespectful, going as far as calling her a Mudblood the other day. She had neglected to tell James this, knowing full well that he, Sirius, and his other best friends Remus Lupin and Peter Pettigrew would love a reason to fight Snape and his friends.

"Lily!" James yelled as he caught up to her. "I was just coming to get you. Thought you got all involved in a book or something and you would forget to come to class."

"You know I'd never get that involved in a book," Lily said as she grabbed James' hand in hers. She caught the eye of two Hufflepuff girls who were scowling at her due to the fact that she was holding hands with the ever- popular Gryffindor Quidditch chaser. Lily smiled at them politely. This was something she had become accustomed to. Her and James walked into Potions class, where they found their professor excitedly hurrying them into class.

"Are we missing anyone else?" Professor Veldor asked excited.

"Snape's not here," said Narcissa Cummings, a Slytherian girl.

"She said missing," Sirius said throwing the Slytherians a cast away glance. "He's not missed."

"Shut up," Jacob Avery of Slytherian yelled.

"Boys," Professor Veldor said. "Calm done. Now this is quite unlike Mr. Snape to be late. We'll give him a few more minutes seeing as class hasn't started yet. I am quite excited for today's lesson, however."

"Just cause he's her favorite student," Sirius mumbled.

"Lesson?" Emily Darbur, a Gryffindor and one of Lily's best friends, asked. "I thought we had an exam?"

"Emily!" Remus Lupin whispered from behind her. "Are you mad!? Maybe she's forgot!"

"Quite the contrary Mr. Lupin," Professor Veldor said excitedly. "I do remember your exam, however it will be postponed for another day."

"Are you serious?" several students asked.

"No," Sirius said over the class. "I'm Sirius. She's Professor Veldor." Several people laughed.

"That was cute the first forty times Sirius," Emily said grinning. "but it's getting old."

"Are you joking?" Sirius asked. "That will be a classic forever!"

"Well," Professor Veldor said smiling, "as I was saying…" She was suddenly interrupted by Severus Snape entering the dungeon.

"Mr. Snape!" she said walking over to him. "If you would take your seat. I'm quite excited to start today's lesson."

"Sorry for my tardiness," Severus said as sauntered into class. "I was working on an interesting potion in dungeon three."

"Well you'll have to share it with the class when we are done with today's lesson," she said smiling.

"Yes, Severus," James said sarcastically. "Do share."

"Sod off, Potter," Severus spat as he sat down.

"Watch it Snape," Sirius said very quietly. "You mess with him, you mess with all of us."

"I'm terrified," Snape said sarcastically as turned to face the front.

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"That was the longest Potions lesson ever!" Ron Weasley said as he loosened the tie on his uniform.

"You say that after every class," Hermione said as the three of them made their way to the library.

"Why are we going to the library again?" Harry asked.

"We need to research," Hermione sighed. "How many times do I have to tell you. If we don't research the Great Wizards Convention of 1782, then we're never going to be able to write a decent essay."

"I don't want a decent essay," Ron said. "I'd be happy with a half assed essay that earned me a passing mark."

"You can't think like that," Hermione said as they reached the library and took seats. "Now where can we begin?"

"Looking for something," Madame Pince asked as she approached them.

"A 'decent' book on the Wizards Convention of 1782," Ron mumbled. Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Well you all might want to start over there," Madame Pince said directing them to a shelf of books.

"Thank you," Hermione said as she stood up. "Come on, let's look."

"We're coming," Harry said as he and Ron slowly lugged themselves up and followed Hermione.

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"Well wasn't that fascinating," Remus said as he and his friends made their way out of Potions.

"Snape is such a brown noser," Sirius said glaring back at him. He was deeply involved in a conversation with Professor Veldor. "He never did tell us about that potion of his."

"Good," Peter Pettigrew said. "I didn't want to hear about it!"

"I'm headed back to the library," Lily said as she stopped, tugging at James' hand.

"Again?" he asked.

"I need to write the essay on the Wizards Convention." she said.

"We have ages to do that," James said.

"You don't have to come James," Lily said. "I'm perfectly capable of going on my own."

"Fine," James said letting go of her hand. "See you later?"

"Of course," she said kissing him softly. "I promise. Just you and I later."

"All right," James said as he smiled and then trotted off to catch up with his friends.

Lily turned and headed back up to the library. As she walked back she walked past the Potions classroom and almost came close to again running into Severus who was walking out.

"Are you following me?" he asked her.

"I could ask you the same thing," she said with a raised eyebrow.

"You wish," he said as he turned and walked in the same direction Lily was headed. She paused and then proceeded to walk to the library, which was apparently the same place Severus was headed.

"You know I was kidding," he said suddenly as he swung around to face her. "but apparently you are following me."

"I'm headed to the library," Lily said sternly. "If you are headed to the same place, then I can't help that I'm following you."

"Whatever," he grumbled. They both walked into the library as she watched as Snape walked over the opposite side of the library to a shelf containing potions books.

Lily began to busy herself with searching the shelves for the book that she needed, when suddenly she turned and saw Snape standing there.

"Looking for this?" he asked slowly as he held up the exact book Lily had been looking for.

"Yes actually," Lily said. "Are you using it?"

"Done," he said staring at her.

"Could I have it then?" she asked annoyed.

"Sure," he said as he handed her the book.

Lily looked at him oddly as she took it. There was something way too odd with the way he was acting. "Thanks."

"Welcome," he said as he stood there.

"You can go now," she said looking at him.

"Right," he said as he slowly turned and walked towards where he was sitting before.

"Weirdo," Lily said as she opened the book quickly to see if it was the proper one, when suddenly she felt the room spin and things went black….

"Is that it?" Harry asked pointing up on the shelf.

"Yes!" Hermione said suddenly. "Ron, you're tallest. Could you reach up and grab it?" He reached up and grabbed the book and handed it to Hermione. She opened it and began to skim over the pages. "This is great! Everything we need is right here."

"Great," Ron said sighing. "Let's get started so that we can get back to the common room."

"This will take no time at all," Hermione said, "All we have to do is just…" She was suddenly interrupted by a sudden pop and crash to the floor. A young girl with auburn hair and about their age was on the floor and seemed disorientated.

"What the?" Ron managed to mumble as he, Hermione, and Harry all stared blankly at the girl.

"Whose that?" Hermione asked, as Harry walked over to help the girl up.

"Dunno," Ron said.

"Are you all right?" Harry asked as he helped her up. "That was a nasty spill you had there. We didn't even see you come up."

"Yes, I'm fine," Lily said not looking up. "I don't know what happened. I must have just gotten dizzy."

"But you're ok?" Hermione asked.

"Yes," she said. "Last thing I remember is Snape handing me a book…"

"Snape's here?" Ron said looking around. "Oh great! We can't escape him!"

Lily suddenly looked at Ron and Hermione. She realized that she had never seen them around school before. "Umm…who are you?" Lily asked.

"Who are you?" Hermione asked. "I'm Hermione Granger."

"And I'm Ron Weasley," Ron added.

Lily looked down. "What house are you in?"

"Gryffindor," they both said in unison.

"No you're not!" Lily said suddenly. "I know everyone in Gryffindor."

Ron and Hermione both looked at each other blankly. "Well what house are you in? Ron asked.

"Gryffindor," she said quickly.

They glanced at each other again and Ron shrugged his shoulders. "Well maybe you know Harry then?" Ron said pointing to behind Lily. "Everyone usually does."

Lily suddenly turned to the boy who had helped her up, forgetting her was even standing there. "James!" she said looking at him.

"James?" Harry asked looking at her skeptically.

"Yea," she said. "You'll never believe what Severus just did…"

"Severus?" Harry asked. "You mean Professor Snape?"

"Professor?" Lily said confused. "No, Severus!"

"Snape?" Ron asked.

"Yes," Lily said swinging around to face Ron, then back around to face Harry. "James do you know who they are?" Lily asked grabbing both his hands. "They said they're in Gryffindor."

"They are," Harry said looking at his hands, "and why do you keep calling me James?"

"It's your name," Lily said looking at him.

"Do you think that's funny?" Harry said aggravated.

"What?" Lily asked.

"My name is Harry," Harry said backing away. "Harry, not James."

"What?" Lily asked more confused than ever. "But you look just like…"

"Like my father?" Harry asked annoyed. "Like I've never heard that before. Look. I don't know who you are, but it's really not funny to stand there and call me by my dead father's name."

"Father?" Lily said as she took a step closer and looked Harry in the eyes. "What do you mean…wait…" She looked into Harry's eyes. "You're not James."

"I know," Harry said. "I'm Harry."

"Your eyes are…they're green…" Lily stammered. "And you have…you have a scar on your forehead," she continued as she stared at the scar on his head.

"Well of course he does," Ron said. "He's Harry Potter."

"Harry what?" Lily said jumping.

"Potter," Harry said. "But you've already realized this since you seem so stuck on calling me by my father's name."

"Father?" Lily said wide-eyed. "James…James is your father?"

"Was," Harry mumbled solemnly. "But yes I am his son."

Lily shocked expression was glued on Harry. She was staring him up and down, almost as if she had seen a ghost. "You look just…just like him." Lily said in awe. "The resemblance is unbelievable."

"So I've heard," Harry said rolling his eyes, still questioning whom this girl was.

"I can't believe this," Lily said snapping back into a state of reality. "James can't have a son," she said. "I mean this has got to be some sort of dream."

"It's not," Hermione said. "James Potter is in fact Harry's dad. I mean I'm sure you know the story…"

"Story?" Lily asked. "What story?"

"Which rock do you live underneath exactly?" Ron asked as Hermione elbowed him in his ribs.

"What did you say your name was?" Harry asked as he watched Lily's confused expression.

"What is going on over here!" Madame Pince said as she appeared around the corner. "All this noise, what on earth…" She stopped dead in her tracks as her eyes landed on Lily.

"Madame Pince!" Lily said rushing over to her. "I don't know what's happened, but this boy says that he's James Potter's son, and…"

Madame Pince was now the one looking as if she had seen a ghost. "Miss Evans?"

"Yes!" Lily said excitedly. "You know who I am?!"

"I knew who you were," Madame Pince said shocked. "But that was years ago."

"What?" Lily asked. Her face was full of complete confusion. "What's going on here? It's me!"

Madame Pince looked over to Harry, her eyes filling up with tears. "Mr. Potter?"

"Yes?" Harry asked as Lily's head swung towards him.

"If you would, please go and get Professor McGonagall and ask her to come to the library." Madam Prince asked.

"Yeah ok," Harry said nodding as he walked over to the exit of the library.

"Now Miss Evans," Madame Pince said as she put her arm around Lily, "I don't know how this happened, or what exactly is going on, but I'm sure that's Professor Dumbledore can fix this."

"Fix what?" Lily asked, tears were now welling up in her eyes. Madame Pince didn't answer however, too stunned with emotion. Several moments later, Harry returned with Professor McGonagall.

"Is everything all right, Madame Pince?" Professor McGonagall asked as Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked on. "What the matter here?"

"Professor," Madame Pince said as she turned Lily around to face her.

Professor McGonagall did a double take as she stared at Lily. "Is that?"

"Yes," Madame Pince answered.

"But how?" Professor McGonagall breathed. "How on earth could it be?"

"I don't know," Madame Pince said. "I just found her here."

McGonagall's eyes shot up straight to Harry. "Does he know?"

"I don't know," Madame Pince said. "I don't think any of them do."

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley, Miss Granger," Professor McGonagall said. "I would have to ask that the three of you go about your day and your classes as normal and do not mention anything that you've seen in here."

The three friends all looked at each other. "But Professor," Hermione began.

"Miss Granger," Professor McGonagall interrupted. "I'm asking you not to speak a word. Everything will be explained to you later."

"Yes Professor," the three of them said meekly as they all walked towards the exit.

"What do you think that's all about?" Harry asked as the three of them headed to their next lesson.

"Maybe she's a spy for Beauxbatons?" Ron suggested.

"I hardly think that's it, Ron," Hermione said as the three of them disappeared into a classroom.

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"You can sit right here, Miss Evans," Professor McGonagall said as she pointed to a chair that was located in the center of a circular room. She kept looking at Lily out of the corner of her eye, still in disbelief that her former student was sitting in the front of her in her sixteen-year-old state.

"Thank you Professor," Lily said slowly. "What's going on?"

"Well," Professor McGonagall said. "Professor Dumbledore will no doubt fill you in on what going on. I need to speak to him before he talks to you though." She paused, "Lily?"

"Yes?" Lily asked.

"Do you know what year it is?" Professor McGonagall asked slowly.

"Well," Lily said slowly. "When I knew where I was and what I was doing, it was 1976."

Professor McGonagall breathed in deeply. "Something must have gone wrong back then. Lily, my dear, the year right now it 1996."

"1996?" Lily asked shocked. "1996?"

"Yes," Professor McGonagall said. "We'll explain more when Professor Dumbledore arrives. You'll have to recall everything that happened to you before

you ended up here."

"All…all right," Lily said shaking a little. She had never been so confused in her

entire life.

"Good afternoon Professor McGonagall," Professor Dumbledore said as he walked into his office smiling widely, his bright eyes peered over his half moon spectacles and immediately landed on Lily. "Ah Miss Evans…"

"Professor Dumbledore," Lily said smiling meekly. She noticed that his beard had grown several inches longer. All the professors seemed to have aged.

"Well," Professor Dumbledore began, "Lily, you must be very confused."

"Yes," Lily said nodding.

"I wouldn't doubt it," he said sitting down at his desk. "I will also give you the opportunity to ask any questions when I'm done telling you all the information I will be able to give you. First, I need you to tell me and Professor McGonagall what happened to you before you ended up here."

"Yes sir," Lily said.

"All right," he said smiling. "If you would please excuse Professor McGonagall and myself for a moment." He got up and motioned for Professor McGonagall to follow. They both walked into a small room adjoining to the office.

"Albus," Professor McGonagall began. "She's already run into Harry Potter and his friends."

"I figured she would," Professor Dumbledore said.

"Yes," Professor McGonagall continued, "well from what I was able to find out, she already realizes that Harry is in fact James' son."

"She does not, however, know that she in fact is his mother, correct?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes," McGonagall said. "I was able to get her away from them before too much information could be divulged."

"Well," Dumbledore said. "We will have to tell Mr. Potter and his friends exactly who she is."

"Do you think that wise, Albus?" Professor McGonagall asked. "I mean what if Harry feels that he can change the past simply my telling her what will happen?"

"We'll have to instruct Mr. Potter and his friends of the repercussions of such an action," Dumbledore said lost in thought. "I'm more worried of him saying something without knowing who she is."

"But Albus…" McGonagall began to say. "People are bound to talk. About Harry's past…his parents…her!"

"Mr. Potter will know that she is in fact his mother," Dumbledore said. "However, she will not know that she is his mother. She already knows that James is his father, so we will have to make sure that no one reveals who his mother is."

"What are we going to do with her, Albus?" she asked looking out at Lily concerned.

"We still have to find out what happened to her, Minerva," he said turning to walk back out. "Then we can figure out how to get her back. In the meantime, we'll just have to make sure she's comfortable here. I believe that once Mr. Potter finds out who she is, he will be most interested in making her stay as pleasant as possible." The two professors walked back out into the large office and took seats around Dumbledore's desk.

"All right, Lily," Professor Dumbledore asked. "Tell us exactly what happened."

Lily began to recall the story of going to the library to look for a book. When she mentioned the name Snape, both professors' ears perked up.

"Snape?" Dumbledore asked. "You say Profess…err…Mr. Snape gave you a book and then everything went black?"

"Yes," Lily said.

"I see," he said looking at Minerva. "Well I see the process of gaining a solution rather simple. I will only have to speak to Professor Snape later on this evening."

"Professor Snape?" Lily asked. "Everyone keeps mentioning that. He's a professor now?"

"Yes," McGonagall said. "He is the potions master."

"Oh my," Lily said sitting back shocked. "I would have never guessed…"

"If he was the one who did this at the age of sixteen, then I'm sure that now twenty years later that he should be able to assist." Dumbledore said slowly. "He was always an exceptionally bright boy. I would have never thought that he would have been able to do something related to time travel at such an age."

"Well," Professor McGonagall said annoyed, "None of us ever thought that he would become a death…" She stopped mid-sentence and looked at Lily as if she just remember she was there.

"Professor," Dumbledore said slowly, "If you could please inform Severus that I will need to see him later. As well, please arrange for accommodations for Lily in Gryffindor and some books for her so that she doesn't fall too far behind."

"Yes Professor," McGonagall said looking at Lily. "You're in your 6th year, correct?"

"Yes," Lily said. It seemed to be all she really could say today.

"The same year as Mr. Potter," Dumbledore said smiling. "I'm sure you'll find him and his friends most helpful if you have any questions Lily."

"Professor," she said looking up. "Is he really James' son?"

"Yes," Professor Dumbledore said. "He is. If you couldn't tell by the resemblance alone, you may notice it on the Quidditch field. He flies just like his father. I understand you and his father are quite close?"

"Yes," Lily said smiling. She thought about James. Then she thought about him having a son. It made her head hurt.

"Now Lily," Professor Dumbledore said. "I'm going to have you follow Professor McGonagall down to the Hospital Wing to see Madame Pomfey. I believe you need to get a little bit of rest before more suitable accommodations can be made. We'll be needing you later."

"All right," Lily said rubbing her head as she stood standing up.

"Follow me Miss Evans," Professor McGonagall said as she began to lead the young girl out of the office.

"Minerva," Professor Dumbledore said before she left. "If you could please find Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley, and Miss Granger and lead them up here."

"Yes Professor," Professor McGonagall said as she left. About a half-hour passed before she returned with the three Gryffindors close behind.

"Hello there," Dumbledore said as he magically made two more chairs appear next to the one that Lily had occupied before. "If you would take a seat."

Ron, Harry, and Hermione all stepped forward and sat down next to each other in the chairs. Ron and Hermione were staring wildly around the office, one of the only rooms in Hogwarts that they had never seen. Harry, however, had found himself in here several times in the past, and stared straight ahead toward Dumbledore.

"Well," Dumbledore began, "Do any of you have the slightest idea as to why you are here?"

"Something that has to do with that girl who fell in the library?" Ron asked.

"Yes," Dumbledore said as he looked from one student to the other, before finally setting his gaze on Harry.

"Do you know who that girl was?" Dumbledore asked.

"No," Hermione said while Ron and Harry shook their heads.

"Didn't think you would," Dumbledore said smiling at Hermione. "For Mr. Weasley and yourself have never met her before."

Harry looked up. "I don't believe I have either, Sir."

"Oh Mr. Potter," he said grinning even wider. "You have met her. A very long time ago."

"Well," Harry said looking confused, "If I've met her, then why did she keep calling me James?"

"Because…" Dumbledore said thinking of the right way to say this. "You look like James."

"Maybe so," Hermione said, "but that doesn't mean everyone who ever knew his father calls him James instead of Harry."

"Yeah," Harry said agreeing.

Professor Dumbledore glanced at Hermione and then to Harry. "In your third year here, you both experienced first hand, the effects of time travel, correct?"

"Yes," they both said in unison.

"Well then," he said standing up. "This shouldn't be too difficult to make sense out of then."

"Wait," Ron said looking at Dumbledore. "Are you saying that this girl is from another time?"

"Exactly Mr. Weasley," Dumbledore said smiling brightly at the fact that Ron was thinking so clearly.

"That would explain why she didn't know any of us," Hermione said suddenly realizing. "Why she said she was in Gryffindor, and what not. She's from the future."

"Close," Dumbledore said. "The past."

"The past?" Harry said. "She's from the past?"

"Yes," Dumbledore said.

"And she knew Harry's father!" Hermione said excitedly as if she had just figured out a great puzzle. "That's why she thinks Harry is his father, because they both look so similar!"

"You're very clever, Miss Granger," Dumbledore said smiling. "Yes that's it." Hermione beamed, as Harry and Ron looked at Dumbledore still somewhat confused.

"Harry," Dumbledore said looking him straight in the eyes. "That girl knew your

father very well, so you really can't blame her for making the mistake."

"Well it explains a lot," Harry said shifting in his chair. "Who is she then?"

Dumbledore took a very large breath as he looked at the young Gryffindors. "That would be Miss Evans…" he started.

"Evans?" Harry said interrupting. "That name sounds familiar…"

"Perhaps you've heard it before?" Dumbledore said slowly. "Back when you were living with your aunt and uncle?"

"Yeah," Harry said distantly. "I heard my Aunt Petunia say it..."

"Harry," Dumbledore said interrupting him this time. "Her name is Lily Evans."

Harry's eyes widened. Hermione and Ron both too realized at once what was going on as soon as they heard the name Lily.

"Evans was her surname before she married my dad," Harry said in a whisper, "My Aunt Petunia said it was her surname before she was married…she's…that girl is…my mum?"

"Yes," Dumbledore said nodding. "Lily Evans would later become Lily Potter."

Harry stared blankly at Professor Dumbledore, too shocked to speak. Ron was also lost for words. Hermione finally broke the silence.

"Professor?" she asked. "How did she…?"

"Arrive here?" Professor Dumbledore asked. "Well I'm glad you asked. You see I really don't know the exact way, but I do know that it was in fact a young Professor Snape who seems to have sent her here."

"Snape!" Ron said suddenly.

"Professor Snape," Dumbledore said correcting him.

"Sorry," Ron said thinking. "Professor Snape, he sent her here?"

"Yes," Dumbledore said. "I plan on speaking to him later to find out exactly what happened twenty years ago. Until then I have a favor to ask of you three." Hermione and Ron attentively looked at Dumbledore, while Harry still stared at the ground in disbelief.

"Now," Dumbledore said. "I am unaware of how long Miss Evans will be joining us here, but while she is I need you all to look after her and protect her from her future."

"Protect her from her future?" Hermione asked. "How can we do that?"

"By not speaking of it," Dumbledore said looking straight at Harry. "You cannot under any circumstances tell her of what is to come. If you were to, the present may be vastly changed. We cannot have that happen."

Harry looked up. "I can't tell her anything?"

"No," Dumbledore said. "Nothing about her. Nothing of her marrying your father, nothing of her death, and most importantly, nothing of her being your mother Harry."

"She already knows about my dad," Harry said. "I accidentally told her not knowing…"

"Well that's understandable," Dumbledore said. "She would have been very confused seeing as you look like him."

"Sir," Ron said speaking up. "I think we may have accidentally told her he was dead."

"Well..." Dumbledore said thinking. "I can only hope that in her state of confusion she may forget that. She will ask you many questions Harry. You can answer all of the to the best of your ability, but you cannot let on about who your mother is."

Harry nodded solemnly.

"If any of you have any problems," Dumbledore began, "Please inform me at once. I'm only hoping that this is a temporary arrangement, and that we will be able to seen her home soon. Do you have any questions?"

"Will she be in Gryffindor?" Ron asked.

"Yes," Dumbledore said looking at him. "I'll have her attend classes and whatnot until things are back to normal for her."

"Oh all right," Ron said leaning back in his chair.

"Miss Granger," Dumbledore said focusing on her. "She will be staying in your dorm, so I ask that you and Miss Brown and Miss Patil make her comfortable."

"What are you going to tell everyone, Professor?" Hermione asked.

"I will tell everyone that she is an exchange student for a brief period of time," Dumbledore said. "A plausible story will be thought of."

"Ok," Hermione said nodding.

"Is there anything else?" Dumbledore asked. They shook their heads.

"All right," Dumbledore said standing up. "You may be excused." The three got up and headed towards the door. "Harry?" Dumbledore said.

"Yes," Harry said turning around. Ron stopped and Hermione shuffled him out of the room.

"As painful as it may be," Dumbledore began. "You cannot tell her anything. You do understand this?"

"Yes," Harry said nodding. Her didn't know how he was going to handle this.

"All right," Dumbledore said smiling as he turned and walked back into the smaller room. Harry walked out of the office and down the stairs to meet Hermione and Ron.

"Harry are you all right?" Hermione asked as he approached.

"I…I don't know," Harry said rubbing his head. "My head hurts from all this."

"Maybe you should go and see Madame Pomfrey," Ron suggested. "She could give you a potion or something that would get rid of your headache. Gave me one once, it was gone within twenty seconds."

"That's probably a good idea," Hermione said. "This is quite a shock for anyone."

"Yeah," Harry mumbled. "I think I'll head over there."

"All right," Ron said. "We'll be in the common room."

"See you later," Harry said turning and walking the all too familiar route to the hospital wing. He walked in to be greeted by Madame Pomfrey, the nurse.

"Something the matter dear?" she asked.

"I just have a terrible headache," Harry said meekly. "Is there anything you can do about it?"

"Of course," Madame Pomfrey said. "Have a seat over on the bed and I'll go concoct a potion for you." Harry did as he was told and walked over to the nearest bed and sat. The hospital wing was quiet today. He looked over and saw a Hufflepuff 3rd year fast asleep…or maybe in a coma. Harry really couldn't tell, but he hadn't heard of any accidents so he just assumed he was asleep. He looked to his left where he saw the curtains drawn around a bed. He craned his neck to see through a crack in it. He wondered if could see who was inside, as he saw the back of a girl's head. She had reddish, auburn hair, and Harry thought for a moment that it was Ginny Weasley. He got up and walked over to peer inside when suddenly the girl turned over and he realized that it wasn't Ginny, it was the girl from the library. It was his mother.

Harry stumbled back, tripping over a metal tray table in the process. Several objects came crashing to the floor. He froze in his spot, not wanting to move. The Hufflepuff boy sat up with a jolt, and Lily's eyes opened and looked in the direction of where the noise had come from.

"What on earth…!" Madame Pomfrey said as she rushed back into the room. "Mr. Potter I thought I asked you to sit over there?"

"I…I was," Harry said startled.

"Then why are you over here?" Madame Pomfrey asked glancing at the mess on the floor.

"Ummm…I… I was…" Harry stammered trying to search his brain for a plausible excuse.

"Nevermind, I don't want to know," she said as she turned back to where she had come from. "I'll be right back out with you potion, since obviously you need some sort of supervision."

"Are you all right?" Lily asked. She was now sitting straight up in bed.

"Yes," Harry said shortly, not looking at her.

"My names Lily by the way," she said. "I know you asked me before. I never got the chance to tell you though."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said still not looking at her.

"For someone who was so talkative before," Lily said as she stretched her arms. "You sure are being very quiet."

"I've…I've got a headache," Harry said slowly.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Lily said sympathetically. "But I know how you feel. After today, boy, do I know how you feel."

"I'm sure you do," he said looking up at her as staring her straight in her eyes. It was almost as if he was looking in a mirror.

"You know…" Lily said trailing off. "You know who I am?"

"Yes," Harry said very seriously.

"I heard Dumbledore telling McGonagall that he was going to tell you," Lily said forcing a grin.

"Guess my secrets out. At least now you know why I'm having a very odd day."

"I can relate," Harry mumbled as he rubbed his head.. He had wished for this opportunity so many times in the past. An opportunity to talk to his mother, to see her, alive and healthy. After all that, he finally got his wish and here he was screwing it up. He was turning one of the only conversations he would have with his mother into awkward dribble. They was so much he wanted to tell her though. So much he wanted to say. So much he could say. Sixteen year of pain and suffering at the result of having lost his parents, and he wasn't allowed to speak any of it. It was almost as if this wasn't a wish come true, but more like a dream where he would wake up right before the good part.

The entire time Harry had been thinking, he hadn't noticed Lily staring at him intently. She opened her mouth to say something, when Madame Pomfrey walked back into the room.

"Here you are," she said handing Harry a fizzy looking potion. "Drink it down and your head will feel much better."

"Thanks," Harry said drinking it all down in one big swallow. "Guess I'll be going."

"Wait," Madame Pomfrey said. "Professor McGonagall's just asked that you take this young lady back to Gryffindor with you."

Harry looked at Lily, who forced a smile at him. She seem to feel very awkward. "Ok," he said meekly.

"All right, dear," she said looking at Lily. "Just follow Mr. Potter. He'll take you where you need to be."

"Thank you," Lily said smiling at Madame Pomfrey and then hopping off the bed and walking over towards Harry.

"Dear," Madame Pomfrey said before they left the hospital. "You're a transfer student?"

"Yes," Lily said awkwardly as she glanced at Harry.

"You look rather familiar," Madame Pomfrey said. "Guess I just must have had a patient once that looked like you."

"Probably," Lily said politely as she walked towards the exit. Harry followed.

"Probably?" Harry asked.

"I was in there just last week," Lily said as the two of them walked towards the Gryffindor common room, Lily leading the way. "Well, last week twenty years ago. I wasn't a patient though, it was because Sirius had fallen off his broom during a Quidditch match and we all went to see visit him. I don't think in all six years that I've been at Hogwarts I've ever been ill. It was always during holidays I got sick."

"Sirius?" Harry said excitedly.

"Yes," Lily said as they reached the portrait of the fat lady. "I'm guessing they've changed the password since my day?"

"Zanadu," Harry said as the portrait swung open and they stepped inside. Harry now led the way, as if Lily was letting him go ahead of her, unsure of what was to come.

"Harry!" Ron called from across the room. He and Hermione were sitting by the fire playing chess. Harry started to walk over and suddenly stopped. He turned to see Lily standing where she had been before, staring slowly around the room.

"Has it changed?" Harry asked as he walked back over to her.

"No, not a thing," she said as she looked around the room before looking right at Harry. "It's as if I've never left. That's what makes all this so strange."

"I'll bet," Harry said grinning. "Come on, follow me." He led the way over to where Hermione and Ron were. They both looked up and smiled at Lily as she approached.

"This is Ron and this is Hermione," Harry said pointing to each one respectively as he sat down. "This is Lily."

"Hi," Ron said jumping to his feet and smiling politely at Lily. "It's nice to meet someone from the….ummm…it's nice to meet you!"

"You too," Lily said smiling at him and at Hermione, who kept glancing from Lily to Harry.

"Have a seat," Harry said motioning to an empty chair.

"So Lily…" Ron began. It was obvious that he was full of questions. Not to say Harry and

Hermione weren't, but it was most obvious that Ron was.

"So…" Lily said nodding. "Is Snape…is he a good professor?"

"No!" Ron and Harry said very loudly in unison.

"He is too," Hermione said shaking her head in disbelief. "He's very knowledgeable and very well read on his subject. He is however…well he's a bit mean."

"A bit?!" Ron said wide eyed. "He's horrible! I would rather drink toilet water than sit through one of his lessons!"

"I'm not surprised," Lily said lost in thought. "He was always very smart. Prefect and whatnot, but he was ruthlessly mean to my friends and I."

"He's the one who sent you here?" Hermione asked.

"We think so," Lily said shrugging. "I mean I'm not really sure. He was just the last thing I encountered before I ended up here."

"Wouldn't be surprised," Harry mumbled. "He tends to like to make everyone's life a living hell."

"Your dad said that just the other day," Lily said smiling. Harry suddenly sat up very straight. "I'm sorry about before," she continued.

"It's ok," Harry said. "You couldn't have known."

Lily smiled. "So how long ago did James…" she trailed off.

"What?" Harry asked.

"How long ago did he die?" Lily said very forced. "I mean I thought I heard you say that he had…"

"A long time ago," Harry said picking his word very slowly. Ron and Hermione watching his every syllable. "I was very young."

"Oh," Lily said looking down. "I was just curious…I mean I won't ask you how or anything, I know it must be painful…."

"Very," Ron said. "He doesn't ever talk about it." Hermione nodded.

"Plus," she continued. "I'm not sure I really want to know. I'm really sorry though," She looked at Harry. "It's just…well I knew your dad and I just wanted to…"

"It's all right," Harry said smiling. "I understand."

"We dated," Lily said smiling. "Well, we still are, but since it's the future…you know what I mean." Harry nodded. He was glued to her every word. He wanted to hear everything she had to say, about her, his father, her family…everything.

"He's a very dear friend to me, and I care about him very much." Lily continued. "I'm glad he had a son though. I wouldn't want that spirit to be gone forever. Plus, one that looks just like him. It's amazing. Any brothers or sisters?"

"Nope, just me." Harry said grinning.

"You really don't want any," Lily said making a face. "I mean I'm sure it's not always the case, but I know from my experience…" She made another face.

"Your sister?" Ron said.

"Yes," Lily said smiling at him. "How'd you know I had a sister?" Hermione and Harry both glared at him.

"I…" Ron said looking at them for some help. "You just look like the type of person who would have a sister."

"Oh," Lily said nodding skeptically, but not asking any further questions. "Well, yes I do. An older sister named Petunia. She's wretched. Treats me like a freak just because I go to school here. I'm not normal enough for her." She scowled as if remembering something specific.

"I can imagine people like that," Harry said looking at her.

"Not from James's family," Lily said. "They're definitely into magic. Your name goes back generations in the wizarding world."

"Does it?" Harry said looking at Ron and Hermione.

"Yes," Lily said. "I remember James's father, your grandfather I suppose, telling me all about the Potter name. One of the few pure blooded wizard families left."

"Pure blooded?" Harry asked.

"Not a trace of a Muggle marriage anywhere in the family tree," Lily said looking at him. "Kind of made me realize why in the long run James's and I wouldn't work out."

"Why not?" Hermione asked.

"Because I'm Muggle born," Lily said. "Like I said, my sister thinks I'm a freak because she and my entire family are Muggles."

"I am as well," Hermione said. "But I don't see what you meant about you and Harry's father not ending up together? I mean you're not a Muggle, you're a witch."

"Oh I know," Lily said suddenly remembering what she had said. "But…well it's hard to explain. You see every marriage into the Potter family had also come from an extensively long pureblood family."

"So?" Ron asked.

"So you're Muggle born, and you don't come from one of those…" Hermione said.

"Exactly," Lily said. "It's not so much James' parents that would have cared. I mean they understand that it's becoming almost impossible to find good pureblooded wizards and witches, but his grandparents would go absolutely mad."

"Well who cares what they think," Harry said. "I mean they're living in the past."

"And so am I," Lily said as a sad smile came across her face. "I guess by the way things turned out, they had some sort of influence over James's final decision." Harry, Ron, and Hermione all looked at each other, unaware of what to say.

"I mean his grandparents had a lot of money," Lily said blankly. "If you had ever seen James's house…the inheritance he would have received. He couldn't afford to cross them…"

"He would have gone with his heart in the end," Harry said. "In fact I know he did." Hermione took a small gasp, and Ron looked at Lily waiting for a reaction.

"I'm sure he did," Lily said grinning widely. "Knowing James he most likely choose with his heart over his head in the end. He always tends to that…He always rebelled against his upbringing. Sirius and him both. Both born into privilege and choosing a life of troublemaking. Can't imagine how many times I've heard Sirius's father tell him how his antics will end up shaming the family name one day. All though I hardly believe either of them would have done anything bad enough to end them up in, say Azkaban." She laughed. Harry, Ron, and Hermione didn't.

"They were a good group," Lily continued. "James, Sirius, Remus, and Peter."

"Well most of them," Harry said rolling his eyes.

"You've met them?" Lily said eyes widening. "Are they all still…"

"Alive?" Harry asked. "Yes all of them. Sirius is my godfather in fact."

"Really?" Lily said. "I wouldn't have doubted James making that decision for one second. How is he?"

"Good," Harry said. "Well, he's better than he was. Remus is well also"

"Oh," Lily said smiling. "I bet the death of your father was devastating for both of them. They were so close. Especially Sirius"

"You have no idea…" Harry said trailing off. "You really have no idea."

"And Peter?" Lily asked. "He must have been devastated too. He always idolized your father. He would never admit it, but it was obvious." Harry's face turned white. How badly he wanted to tell her that Wormtail was the reason that his father had died. The reason she would also meet her eventual demise. The look on Hermione's face was enough to shut him up though, all though he could tell that she also really wanted to say something.

"I really never met Peter," Harry said half lying. He himself believed that he had never in fact met Peter Pettigrew, but in fact had met Wormtail. Almost as if they were two different people.

"Oh I see," Lily said. "We'll it's good to know Sirius and Remus are all right."

"Maybe you can see them!" Hermione said. "I mean they keep in touch with Harry."

"Really?" Lily asked. " I would love too! Just to see how they ended up. They wouldn't even have to know who I was."

"Hermione…" Ron whispered under his breath. "What are you doing?"

"I tell you later," Hermione said smiling. "I tell you later…."

A/N: Well looks like we'll be having some visitors coming up! Lily will of course be learning some things that she's not suppose to know, but it's how she, Harry and Comp will handle these that will make the story! Things will get more involved as the story continues…it's the graceful introduction period!

"And what might that be?" Ron asked quickly, glancing at Lily who was in the middle of telling Harry a story.

"I can't tell you right here," Hermione said motioning in the direction of Lily. "Later, when it's just Harry, you, and I."

"You're impossible," Ron said grinning at her. "You know that?"

"I'll take that as a compliment." Hermione said. "Because I know you of all people wouldn't be insulting me…"

"Of course not," Ron said smiling. "How could I insult someone as wonderful and charming as you."

Hermione blushed all though she knew he was mostly being sarcastic. "Hasn't stopped you in the past."

Ron smiled and turned back to see what Lily and Harry where talking about when suddenly he found his face inches away from someone's rear end.

"Neville!" Ron said jumping back. "Watch where you put that thing!"

"Sorry," Neville said turning around to look at Ron. "You were turned the other way when I came over."

"Well," Ron said sitting back down. "I'm not now, so move!"

"Here Neville," Hermione said fighting back a fit of laughter and moving her chair over so that he could come stand.

"Was there something you needed Neville?" Harry asked.

"Oh," Neville said smiling. "No, not really. I just came to see what you were up too and to introduce myself."

"I'm Lily," Lily said smiling as she extended her hand.

"I'm Neville Longbottom," he said extending his hand to shake hers. "Where are you from?"

"Another school," she said. "You've probably never heard of it."

"Probably not," he said laughing and smiling. Harry looked at him. Was Neville flirting with his mother?

"Well Neville," Hermione said standing up and catching Harry's drift. "I think it's best if I show Lily where she's staying. If that's all right with you, Lily?"

"That'd be great," Lily said standing up and smiling. "I need some rest after today."

"See you tomorrow then?" Harry said smiling warmly at her.

"Yes," Lily said. "Good night."

"Night," the boys said as Hermione whispered something to Ron, and then set off in the direction of the girls dormitory.

"Well," Neville said smiling at Harry and Ron. "Looks like we've got ourselves an attractive one."

"We've?" Ron asked glancing at Harry, who was making a face at Neville that Ron didn't know how to distinguish. "Last time I checked Neville, she really wasn't talking to you."

"In time," Neville said smiling. "In time. Well I must be off. See you later then…" He walked off.

"The kid looses a little weight and you'd think he thought he owned the world," Ron said watching him leave. "When the hell did he become so cocky?"

"I don't know," Harry said. "But I miss the old clumsy and nit witted Neville."

"Well he's still a nit wit," Ron said rubbing the back of his neck. "Now he's just a cocky nit wit who…"

"What did Hermione whisper to you?" Harry said cutting him off mid sentence.

"Acts as if all the girls…what?" Ron asked realizing Harry had just asked him a question.

"Hermione," Harry repeated. "What did she tell you before left with my mum?"

"Oh," Ron said. "Not to go anywhere. She needed to talk to us."

"I need to talk to her…" Harry said shaking his head. "What is she trying to do with all this Sirius and Remus stuff?"

"Make other people other than yourself a little more fulfilled," Hermione said as she suddenly came back and sat back down.

"What?" Harry asked. "What does that mean?"

"Harry," Hermione said. "You can't not tell Sirius or Remus that she's here. I mean the guilt that plagues Sirius everyday, he needs this."

"He'll say something," Harry said.

"What makes you think that?" Hermione asked.

"Because of the guilt that plagues him everyday," Harry said looking directly at her. "Don't you think I want more than anything to tell him and have him tell her not to change their secret keeper to Wormtail, not go about the courses of their actions leading up to that night…You'd know he'd do it. His entire life has been changed due to the fact that my parents died. He would still have his best friends, and he would never had gone to Azkaban, and I would still have a family…Don't you think I want that more than anything?"

"I know you do," Hermione said. "And I know that it must hurt horribly to have the power to change things and not be able to do it, but you have to tell him. Both of them."

"I can see it now," Harry mumbled. "Hey Sirius, you think you can come out of hiding and maybe get thrown back in prison if you get caught so that you can come and see my mum, cause somehow she's here as a sixteen year old girl…He'd come all right. Come to get me put in St. Mungo's."

"You know he wouldn't do that," Hermione said. "Look at it this way. You really think it's fair that Snape will get to see your mum, and Sirius, one of her best friends won't? I mean you saw the look on her face when I mentioned it…"

"Yeah thanks for that by the way," Harry mumbled.

"It was absolutely lit up." Hermione said. "You know how much this would mean to Sirius…"

"What if he says something?" Ron asked.

"Well have to ask Dumbledore to speak to him first…" Hermione said thinking.

"I'll think about it," Harry said standing up. "Right now I'm going to bed. It's been a long day."

"Fine," Hermione said standing up as well. "Think about it, but think long and hard and realize how hurt Sirius would be if you didn't give him this opportunity…" With that she turned and walked towards the girl's dormitory.

"Has a way of making you feel guilty about things, doesn't she?" Harry said glancing at Ron.

"Welcome to my world," Ron mumbled as he picked up chess pieces. "Hey wait for me?"

"Ok," Harry said glancing around the room. Suddenly someone tapped him on the shoulder.

"Harry?" said a female voice from behind him. He swung around to see Ginny standing there.

"Hey Ginny," Harry said smiling. Ron looked up and made a face at both of them.

"You did mean it when you asked me to the ball, right?" Ginny asked. She seemed concerned about something.

"Yeah…" Harry said looking at her skeptically. "Why?"

"Oh no reason!" Ginny said suddenly straightening up. "Just…well someone said…that you were with this other girl…"

"Damn, news gets around fast," Ron said standing up to look at his sister.

"What does that mean?" Ginny asked glancing from her brother to Harry.

"Nothing," Harry said giving Ron a look. "Look, you and I are going together. If that's what you want?"

"Yes!" Ginny said before Harry barely finished his sentence. Ron rolled his eyes.

"All right then," Harry said smiling as he turned to go upstairs.

"So who is she?" Ginny asked looking at both Harry and Ron.

"A friend of his from way back," Ron said smiling at her. "Hey Virginia, why don't you find someone else to go to the ball with? Preferably someone who isn't my best friend."

"Hey Ronald, why don't you FIND someone to go with," Ginny said glaring at him. "Maybe someone who is your best friend?"

"What?" Ron asked.

"Completely dense," Ginny said shaking her head as she walked away. Harry smiled at Ron.

"They couldn't have stopped after six kids," Ron said looking at his sister. "I begged my mum for another brother."

"Well then I'd look pretty stupid going to the ball with him," Harry said grinning as he turned to walk upstairs.

"No see that's the point," Ron said following him. "You wouldn't be going with him cause he'd be a boy…"

"I got it Ron," Harry said laughing. "Enough with the jokes."

"That one would have been funny had you given it a chance." Ron said as they both walked into their dorm room. Seamus Finnigan and Dean Thomas were both sitting on their beds reading.

"Hey!" Seamus said as they walked into the room. "Whose the girl?"

"What?" Harry asked. "Oh her…"

"Yeah," Dean said. "Neville said that you two were hanging out with some cute new girl, and of course we didn't believe Neville…"

"And the fact that why would a cute new girl want to hang out with you and not us…" Seamus inputted.

"Naturally," Dean said. "But we saw her ourselves. Nice work gentlemen."

"Don't you have a girlfriend?" Harry said looking at Seamus.

"I didn't ask to marry her." Seamus said. "I just asked who she was."

"My mum," Harry said looking at both Dean and Seamus.

"No, really who is she?" Dean asked.

"Find out yourself," Harry said as he drew the curtains around his bed shut. "Right now I'm going to sleep…"

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"Harry…I as good as killed them, I persuaded James and Lily to change to Peter at the last moment, persuaded them to use him as Secret-Keeper instead of me…I'm to blame, I know it….The night they died, I'd arranged to check on Peter, make sure he was still safe, but when I arrived at his hiding place, he'd gone. Yet there was no sign of a struggle. It didn't feel right. I was scared. I set out for your parents' house straight away. And when I saw their house. Destroyed, and their bodies…I realized what Peter must've done…what I'd done…" Sirius' voice cracked. He turned away.

Harry sat straight up in bed. He was breathing heavy, realizing what he had just dreamed. His first encounter with Sirius. What Sirius had said to him. Hermione was right. Harry got out of bed and walked over to grab a piece of parchment and a quill. He lit a candle and sat down at a nearby desk. He glanced quickly around the room and saw that Ron, Seamus, Dean, and Neville were all fast asleep. He took a deep breath and began to write.

Dear Sirius,

I know it's been awhile since I've last written, but all in all that's been a good thing because it means that I haven't had a "problem" lately. I still don't, so don't be alarmed, but there is something I need to tell you. I don't know how much I trust putting this in writing, but there's someone at Hogwarts that I think…well…know that you and Remus would like to see. Please write back as soon as possible. Hope all is well and that you are safe.

-Harry

Harry put down his quill and glanced over the letter. He stood up, grabbed his invisibility cloak, and draped it over himself. He made his way downstairs to the common room, and out of the portrait hole. He

walked slowly through the corridors of Hogwarts up to the owlery where he found Hedwig, his owl, fast asleep.

"Wake up," Harry said nudging her. "I need to you to take something to Sirius." Hedwig hooted sleepily as Harry attached the parchment to her leg. He watched as she set off into the night sky, and then turned to go back. He walked through the halls when he suddenly heard loud voices coming out of a classroom. With his invisibly cloak draped over top of him he quickly glanced into the room to see the source of the voices. Standing with his back towards Harry was Professor Dumbledore, where as facing him was Professor Snape. The look on Professor Snape's face, however, was not calm like it usually was when he was in Dumbledore's presence. It seemed aggravated…It seemed confused…it seemed almost happy. All at the same time.

"Lily Evans?" Snape said. "She's here?"

"Yes, Severus." Dumbledore said. "Do you have any idea as to how that might be possible? She said you were the last thing she encountered before she ended up here."

"Well Professor," Snape said. "I do remember trying to concoct a time traveling potion when I was younger. However I hardly remember it, seeing as it never worked."

"Well apparently it did," Dumbledore said.

"I don't know what to tell you Professor," Snape said. "I don't recall it at all, and certainly do not recall ever making a antidote."

"Severus," Dumbledore said. "She needs to get back to her time. The time of your youth. Are you saying that there's nothing you can do?"

A smile came over Snape's face that Harry didn't like. There was something menacing and very creepy about it. "Yes, Professor," Snape said. "That's exactly what I'm saying."

"Well," Dumbledore said. By the tone of his voice, Harry assumed he was annoyed. "I would ask that a man of your stature and intelligence could at least try and work out a solution. If not I will just have to go about finding someone else who can. That person would probably make for a very good potions master…"

Snape stopped smiling. "Are you threatening me?"

Dumbledore laughed. "Severus, why on earth would I do that? Trust me, if I was threatening you, you would not have to ask…"

"Fine," Snape said aggravated. "I'll see what I can do. If in fact I was the one who did this to her, then I'm sure I can create something…"

"Ahh," Dumbledore said. His tone returning to its more passive and jovial tone. "That's the attitude I prefer. Now it's late and I need to be in bed. Good night." He turned to walk out of the classroom. Harry swore he saw him smile right at him. Harry glanced back to see Snape standing there staring blankly.

"So it worked…" Snape mumbled to himself. "It actually worked. But how did I never know?"

"Bastard," Harry thought to himself. He considered Snape very lucky that he couldn't see the look that he was giving him under the cloak.

Snape was now staring blankly around the room, still mumbling to himself. "I mean it didn't even get to Potter…"

"What?" Harry mouthed as he tried desperately to hear more. "Get to Potter?" Snape suddenly straightened out and headed for the exit. Harry jumped out of the way and quickly made his way back towards the Gryffindor common room.

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"Peanut brittle," Harry told the Fat Lady as the portrait hole swung open and let him in. He ran all the way up the stairs into his dorm. All the other boys were still fast asleep. He needed to talk to Ron, to Hermione, to his mum. Maybe they could help him piece this together.

Neville's loud snores suddenly jolted him back to reality. It was three o'clock in the morning. Whatever he had to say, no one would want to hear it until the morning…

****

"Wake up, Ron?" Harry said pushing Ron's deadweight body as it lay in bed.

"No…I don't want to de-gnome the garden today…" Ron mumbled sleepily. "They'll be there tomorrow."

"Oh Geez, Ron," Harry said shaking him harder. "Wake up!"

"What?" Ron said rolling over and squinting at Harry. "What time is it?"

"Seven-thirty," Harry said.

"There's a seven-thirty in the morning?" Ron said rolling over on to his back. "Since when do we get up at seven-thirty? We've got a good hour before we need to go down to breakfast, and that's still an early breakfast!"

"I know," Harry said. "I couldn't get much sleep. I have to talk to you…"

"I was having a wonderful dream too…" Ron said not listening to Harry. "It was this really beautiful girl and I, and we were on this beach. Wow, was it great. Suddenly, the wind kicked up and her bathing suit…"

"Ron," Harry said shaking his head. "You always have this dream set in different place. The wind always kicks up…"

"No," Ron said still not fully being able to open his eyes to look at him. "Last time it was the rough waters that kicked up and made her bathing suit…"

"My mistake," Harry interrupted. "Look, I need to talk to you."

"It couldn't have waited an hour?" Ron asked. "Or at least until breakfast when Hermione was around?"

"Damn!" Harry said standing up. "You are officially the worst morning person I've ever met."

"Ah, don't look so surprised?" Ron said smiling as he turned back over in bed and buried his head in his pillows.

"You know Hermione would wake up to listen to me…" Harry said as he walked over towards the bathroom.

"Mmrummpppphhh…" Ron mumbled.

"Yeah, well same to you," Harry said shaking his head.

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By 8:30 the Great Hall was already starting to become crowded with people eating breakfast. Harry sat there stabbing his eggs with a fork when Hermione and Lily suddenly walked up.

"Morning!" Hermione said especially chipper.

"Morning," Harry said looking up at her and Lily. "Sleep well?"

"Fantasic," Lily said. "Like a rock."

"Good," Harry said as Ron approached the table and sat down.

"Hello," Ron said smiling at everyone.

"Morning sunshine," Harry said sarcastically.

"Oh you're not still on about that are you?" Ron said helping himself to eggs.

"On about what?" Hermione asked.

"Harry's mad because he woke me up to talk to me and I feel back asleep," Ron said.

"Way to go Ron," Hermione said looking at Harry. "Talk to him about what? Is it important?"

"Told you she'd care," Harry said looking at Ron, who was happily eating his eggs.

"I care," Ron said with his mouthful. "But I'm also lazy."

Harry ignored this and instead turned right to Hermione. "Last night I heard Snape and Dumbledore talking…"

"Did you?!" Hermione said sitting up straight. "About what?" Lily and Ron both looked right at Harry.

"About you," Harry said looking at Lily as he recalled the story to the three of them.

"I hate him," Lily said frowning. "He's always after James…always!"

"What a bastard," Ron said shaking his head. "I can't believe he lied to Dumbledore…"

"Well," Hermione said. "I can't say I'm too surprised. Why though? Why would he deny it?"

"Cause he's a twit," Ron said.

"I need a little more to go on other than that Ron," Hermione said casting him a look. "Wait…Harry why were you out of bed last night?"

"Oh," Harry said. "I needed to go to the owlery…"

"Why's that?" Hermione asked intrigued.

"I needed to send a letter to someone," Harry said slowly. "I needed to tell them something."

Hermione smiled widely. "I'm glad you thought about it."

"Don't think that just because you convinced me to do this that…" Harry stopped talking as he noticed Professor Snape walk into the room and over to the head table.

"What?" Ron asked. "What is it?"

"There he is," Harry said pointing. "Snape."

Lily turned around the second Harry finished his sentence. "Him!?" She asked.

"Yes," all three of them said in unison.

"He's looks the same as he always did!" Lily said glaring at him. "He finally got around to having that growth spurt. It was long over due. Otherwise…everything! Even the hair is the same. He just looks older!" Suddenly Snape cast his eyes towards the Gryffinfor table, as if looking for something. Harry had a pretty good idea as to what that was.

Lily swung around to have her back face Snape. "Is he looking?"

"Yes," Ron said glancing up slightly.

"Uggg…" Lily said. "When I get back…if I get back…I swear, James and Sirius will know everything that he's ever done or said to me."

"He's gone," Hermione said nonchalantly turning around. "He's left."

"Good," Harry said. "Glad we don't have Potions today."

"You're telling me," Lily said. "I don't think I could tolerate having him teach me anything!" As she finished her sentence a sudden barrage of owls entered the Great Hall, all of them carrying letters and packages.

"Mail time," Ron said as a letter and the Daily Prophet landed in front of him. Hermione too got a letter and a copy of the Daily Prophet, but Harry was shocked when he suddenly saw Hedwig appear.

"She's back already?" Harry stammered as Hedwig landed on the table and dropped a piece of parchment down in front of him.

"Is that your owl?" Lily asked in awe. "She's beautiful."

"Thanks," Harry said not really listening, as he took the parchment and opened it up. Ron and Hermione both staring at him intently.

Harry-

Glad to hear you're well. I was beginning to get a bit nervous since I hadn't heard from you in awhile. I've kept close to the news however, and Dumbledore's been informing me of things happening around Hogwarts, so I know you've been safe. Now about your letter. Who would be at Hogwarts that Remus and I would like to see? As you know, we've both been very busy out "fighting the battle." I do miss you though, and would like to see you. I'm actually very near to you in a small Scottish town. If this is so important that I come to Hogwarts, then I'll come, and I will try to convince Remus as well seeing as I'm meeting with him tomorrow to discuss things. I'm sure he'd love to see you as well. This weekend most likely. I'll keep you posted. Til then, cheers.

-Sirius

"What day is it?" Harry asked looking up.

"Thursday," Ron said. "Why? What did that say?" Harry handed the letter to Ron. He and Hermione both quickly read over it and looked up.

"This weekend?" Hermione said. "Fantastic!"

"What's fantastic?" Lily asked.

"It's a surprise," Ron said smiling. "Oh joy look who it is…" They all turned to look in the direction of where Ron was looking when they saw what he meant. Draco Malfoy, Vincent Crabbe, and Gregory Goyle were all walking over towards the Gryffindor table.

"Well, well," Draco said looking at the four of them. "Isn't this sweet. All of you pouring over letters and what not…" Crabbe and Goyle laughed.

"Buzz off, Malfoy," Harry said.

"Oh not so soon, Potty," Malfoy said snearing. "I came over to remind you that I hope you're prepared to loose gracefully this Saturday."

"Loose what?" Harry asked.

"You really are getting dumber by the day aren't you?" Malfoy said rolling his eyes. "The Quidditch match against Slytherian. Father just bought us all new brooms again. Top of the line Firebolt360's." Ron's mouth dropped.

"Quidditch match?" Harry said rubbing his head. "I totally forgot with everything that's been going on. I have practice tonight…"

"Why bother?" Malfoy said smiling. "I don't know if you heard me or not, but with our new Firebolt360's, we'll annihilate you. So you might as take the time to rest up or hope for a miracle…"

"Isn't it sweet how daddy still pays his way for everything his son's ever accomplished?" Hermione said scowling.

"Shut up, Granger," Malfoy said glaring at her. "No one cares what you have to say. I'm not a professor, so you can't kiss my ass to get anywhere."

"Hermione wouldn't kiss your ass no matter how much daddy paid her," Ron said glaring at Malfoy. "So go find someone else to do your bidding…"

"Good one Weasley," Malfoy said turning towards Ron. "I sure know mummy and daddy didn't pay for that one. Seeing as they would have to go without eating for several weeks…"

"Why I ought to…" Ron said standing up to hit Malfoy square in his jaw, before Lily jumped up to stop him.

"Stop!" Lily said. "Enough of this!"

"Who the hell are you?" Malfoy said looking at Lily up and down.

"I'm Lily," she said staring at Draco. "And you must be Lucius Malfoy's son?"

"Quick one aren't you?" Draco said.

"He was just as rotten as you," Lily said staring at him. "Walking around with his head up high, thinking that him and his cronies could just do whatever they wanted and say whatever they wanted…"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Malfoy said. "Or how you know my father, because he certainly wouldn't hang around the likes of you, but seeing as you're hanging out with those three, you must be mental." With that he turned away, Crabbe and Goyle laughing and following him.

"What a brat?!" Lily said outraged. "Just like his father!"

"You knew his father?" Ron asked. "You had to encounter two Malfoy's?" He shuddered.

"Yes," Lily said scowling. "He was a good four years ahead of us in school. Played as a beater on the Slytherian Quidditch team the first year that Sirius and your dad started playing. He purposely put the entire Gryffindor team in the hospital wing. Everyone one of them! Sending bludgers right into James' face. He had a horrible black eye. Sirius was uncurious for three days because he got one in the side of his head, this other girl named Anne…she broke both legs when she feel off her broom…"

"Sounds like Draco is coming along nicely then," Hermione said. "He'll be just like his dad."

"Seems that way," Lily said rolling her eyes. "So you have a Quidditch match this Saturday?"

"Yeah," Harry said. "I don't know how we're going to win. I have too many things on my mind…I forgot to call practice today. I'll have to do it tonight. Firebolt360's…I dunno what we're going to do…"

"You can do it," Lily said smiling. "I hope I'm at least here until this weekend. I'd love to see a Quiddtich match, and see what this surprise you have…" Harry, Hermione, and Ron all smiled as they suddenly realized that it was time for class.

"We'd better get going," Hermione said. "We don't want to be late for Charms…"

"Charms!" Lily said excitedly. "That's my favorite class! Is Professor Flitwick still there?"

"Yes," Hermione said smiling. "It's my fanorite subject too!." She seemed thrilled at the fact that someone else was sharing her academic enthusiasm.

"Wonderful!" Lily said. "I can't wait."

"Oh great," Ron whispered to Harry as they walked to class. "Now we've got two of them!" The four of them walked into class as tiny little Professor Flitwick stood on a footstool trying to reach something from a high shelf.

"Hello Miss Granger!" he said excitedly. "So glad to see that I have…" He stopped and stared blankly at Lily. "Miss Evans!? Lily Evans?!"

"Professor Flitwick," she said smiling widely. Not as widely as Professor Flitwick however. "How are you?"

"Very well!" He squeaked. "I heard Professor Dumbledore saying something about you earlier, but I never really thought…This is

magnificent! Have a seat, have a seat." Lily walked over and sat down in between Harry and Hermione.

"Well is everyone here?" Professor Flitwick asked looking around. "Wonderful! Well. To start things out, I'm quite excited to say that we have an exceptional bright new addition to our class." Lily blushed.

"Hi I'm Seamus," Seamus said from the other side of Harry.

"Hi," Lily said quickly, not really taking her eyes off of Flitwick.

"Well first of all," Flitwick began. "I want to start with the 'Stunner Charm,' for it is a very difficult charm to master and requires much concentration."

Hermione raised her hand. "Professor?"

'Yes, Miss Granger?" He asked.

"I believe I know it," she said smiling.

"Well I'm sure," he said smiling as well. "Would you like to demonstrate it for us?"

Hermione stood up and walked in front of the rest of the class. Professor Flitwick pulled out a small hamster and sent it on the desk. "Now," he said. "If this is performed properly, this charm should disorientate the subject for up to 2 minutes depending the concentration level. Comes in very handy for a slip of the tongue moment, or an embarrassing moment you'd like to forget. As simple as it may look, the concentration level is not easy to achieve." Hermione smiled meekly as she pulled out her wand and pointed it at the hamster.

"Extrenus Petrifunis," Professor Flitwick said encouragingly.

Hermione glared hard at the hamster, "Extrenus Petrifunis!" She said as the hamster vibrated a little, and the suddenly went back to eating a leaf of lettuce.

"I don't understand?" Hermione said. "I did it the other day…"

"It's all right, Miss Granger," Professor Flitwick said smiling. "It's very difficult. I'm sure you'll master it soon enough however…"

"Professor?" Lily asked with her hand raised.

"Lily!" He said turning towards her, "What can I do for you?"

"I believe I can attempt it," she said smiling. "If you'd let me try."

"Of course!" He said as shuffled Hermione back to her seat. She frowned as she went back and took her seat next to Ron..

"Please," Professor Flitwick said as he motioned towards the hamster.

Lily looked around the room and at Professor Flitwick. She seemed a little nervous. That all changed however when she pulled out her wand. The expression on he face dramatically changed. She suddenly had a new air of confidence and determination about her.

"Extrenus Pet…" Professor Fliwick began, before he was suddenly interrupted.

"Extrenus Petrifunis!" Lily said glaring at the hamster as it suddenly began to vibrate dramatically and then stumble around the table. It was completely disorientated.

"Wow," Ron said staring. Hermione glared at him.

"Excellent!" Professor Flitwick said. "Just like that!" Lily smiled as her face returned to it's normal state. Hermione did not look very happy.

Class continued as normal, though no one else was able to do what Lily had been able to do. In fact Hermione had come closest, but this did not satisfy her.

"Wonderful lesson," Professor Flitwick said as the Gryffindors all began to leave. "Absolutely splendid. Lily?"

"Yes," she said turning around. Harry, Ron, and a very disgruntled Hermione all stopped.

"I just wanted to thanks you for a wonderful performance," he said smiling. "You always were one of the brightest students that I've ever encountered."

"Thank you," Lily said smiling brightly. Hermione turned and walked out of the room.

"I hope you do get back to your time," he said smiling. "But I have enjoyed seeing you."

"I have as well," Lily said as she turned and walked back over to where Ron and Harry were. "Where'd Hermione go?"

Ron and Harry looked around as if just noticing she had disappeared. "She was right here." Ron said looking around. "She didn't look to well in class though. Maybe she didn't feel well."

"Yeah maybe," Harry said as they walked out into the hall and ran right into Ginny.

"Hey sis," Ron said grinning. "Oh I'm sorry that smile isn't for me is it?" He looked at Harry.

"Hi Harry," Ginny said blushing. She looked at Lily and smiled politely.

"Hey Ginny," he said. "This is Lily."

"Hi," Lily said smiling brightly at Ginny. Ginny nodded politely.

"Ginny is my sister," Ron said looking at Lily. "And she's Harry's…" He paused. "Date for the ball."

"Ball?" Lily asked.

"Yeah," Ginny said nodding. "It's next weekend."

"Oh how fun," Lily said smiling. "Ron who are you going with?"

"No one yet," Ron said shifting his weight awkwardly.

"Well," Ginny said. "If I could make a SUGGESTION!!! I know a person who would be more than willing to go with you…"

"Ginny," Ron said glaring at her. "You really don't know what you're talking about…"

"I do too," she said. "She told me herself."

"Whatever," Ron said. "I'm not going with one of you little friends."

"She's not little!" Ginny said annoyed, "I mean how can you not realize that it's Her…"

"Hey Ginny, could you come with me for a second," Harry said laughing as he pushed her aside. "I'm going to talk to him. You don't need to make a big scene."

"He's never going to ask Hermione if someone doesn't tell him," Ginny said pointing at him.

"I'll talk to him," Harry said. "I promise…"

"Fine," Ginny said as she turned to walk to her Defense of the Dark Arts class. "See you later."

"Where's Lily?" Harry asked as he walked back over to Ron.

"Bathroom," he said as he began to walk. "She told me she had Arithmancy next, so I told her to meet up with Hermione."

"Oh all right," Harry said as they made there way to Divinitation. Hey Ron,, look about this ball…" Harry began before Ron cut him off.

"Taken care of," Ron said.

"What?" Harry asked. "You're going to ask her?"

Ron looked confused. "I all ready did, but how'd you know?"

"You did?" Harry asked. "When did you ask Hermione?"

"Hermione?" Ron said surprised. "What makes you think Hermione would want to go with me. She'd probably consider it some sort of torture."

"She wouldn't," Harry said. "I mean you need to come off it. I know you fancy her."

"Maybe," Ron said distantly. "But like I said. I highly doubt she feels the same way."

"Ron, she does feel…" Harry said before he stopped. "Wait, what's taken care of then?"

'Huh?" Ron asked.

"You said it was taken care of?" Harry said. "What's taken care of?"

"Oh," Ron said. "I got a date for the ball."

"Not Hermione?" Harry asked confused and somewhat disappointed for her. "Then who?"

"Well," Ron said slowly. "I kind of asked your mum…"

Harry's mouth dropped and his eyes widened. "YOU WHAT?!"

"Don't get mad!" Ron said quickly. "I don't fancy her or anything like that. I have no feelings for her or anything, I mean she also has a boyfriend so you don't have to worry…"

"A BOYFRIEND!" Harry said astonished. "Ron! That's my father!!!!!!!!!"

"I know," Ron said looking around. "Just let me explain…"

"What the hell possessed you to ask her!?" Harry asked still yelling.

"When you and Gin went to go talk we were just talking about it." Ron said staring at Harry. "She was telling me about one that she went to with your dad, and how it was fun. I thought I was being nice. I told her, if that she was still her by next weekend that she could come with me. Just as friends…."

"Ron!" Harry said. "That's my mother!!!"

"I know," Ron said. "I don't know why you're so caught up in this. I mean she loves your dad!"

"Do you hear yourself!?" Harry said loudly. "Loves my dad!!!"

"Look I'm sorry," Ron said. "I just thought that it's better she went with one of us than someone like Neville. I heard him saying that he might ask her…" Harry just stood there staring blankly at Ron.

"See," Ron continued. "This is how I felt when you and Ginny…"

"Ginny?!" Harry said. "Is this what this is all about? She's your sister! Not your mother!!"

"I know," Ron said. "but to tell you the truth, Lily's not your mum yet."

Harry's mouth dropped. "Ron, my mum's dead if you want to get specific…"

"I'm sorry," Ron said. "I mean I don't know what to tell you. I just thought I was being helpful. I mean I don't have any intentions. Which is more to say than you have with Ginny…"

"She's your sister…" Harry repeated, finally returning to a normal tone of voice. "This is completely different. Don't you understand?"

"Yes," Ron said nodding. "Fine then…I'll un-invite her. I mean she honestly doesn't think she's going to be her next weekend anyway."

"Whatever," Harry said walking.

"So what you hate me now?" Ron said following a few steps behind him. "I mean five minutes ago you yourself heard me tell you that I fancied Hermione. Now you're getting all upset because I was trying to be a good friend, and look out for your mum."

"I don't hate you," Harry said stopping. "I'm just…shocked that you would ask my mother out. I mean Hermione would have said yes if you asked her."

"Well…" Ron said not knowing what to say.

"Go with my mum if she's still here," Harry said shrugging. "But if you do ANYTHING…"

"Harry," Ron said. "It's your mum…"

"I know," Harry said. "I'm just in shock right now. What am I'm going to tell Hermione and Ginny?"

"About what?" Ron asked as they finally reached the north tower.

"About this!" Harry said. "I mean I was suppose to convince you to go with Hermione."

"Oh," Ron said slowly. "Maybe we shouldn't say anything?"

"That won't work," Harry said. "Ginny's going to want to know. Hermione's not going to wait around forever either. Like fourth year when she went with Viktor…" Ron made a face.

"You have no right to even look like that right now," Harry said pointing at him. "Come on, we need to figure something out to tell them…"

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Later that night, Harry returned from Quidditch practice to see Hermione studying intently in the common room. A little too intently.

"Hey," Harry said sitting down next to her. "What's up?"

"Nothing," Hermione said. "Just looking up some Arithmancy work…"

"Herm," Harry said looking at the book. "That's a seventh year book…"

"I know," Hermione said. "I borrowed it from a seventh year."

"Why?" Harry asked.

"I just thought maybe I should know some of this stuff…" She said nonchalantly.

"In your seventh year maybe," Harry said as he wiped some dirt off his forehead.

"Well," Hermione said. "Your mum sure does know a lot about it…"

"Oh I see what this is all about," Harry said sighing.

"Harry," Hermione said slamming the book shut. "No offense or anything but she's really getting to me…I mean she knows everything there is to know."

"Is this about the whole Ron thing?" Harry asked.

"Ron?" Hermione asked. "What does he have to do with anything?"

"Oh…" Harry said looking at her. "You don't know…"

"Know what?" Hermione asked.

"Well," Harry began before suddenly seeing Ron entering the portrait hole.

"Hey," Ron said coming over to them. "Hermione can I talk to you?"

"What is with you two?" she asked confused.

"Did you tell her?" Ron asked looking at Harry wide eyed.

"I was just about to," Harry said. "But if you want to…"

"Yeah," Ron said nodding. "Hermione what are you doing for the ball?"

Hermione's faced suddenly lit up. "Why?"

"Because," Ron said taking a deep breath. "I think you should go with me." Harry's mouth dropped.

"I guess we can do that," Hermione said fighting back a smile. "I mean I don't have anyone else to go with…"

"All right," Ron said smiling and turning to walk away. "Be back in a second…"

"Ron," Harry said standing up and following him. "What was that…?"

"I talked to you mum," Ron said. "Apparently she felt that I should ask Hermione, kind of dumped me I guess. Said that Hermione kept bringing me up, and that she 'had a feeling.' that I should ask her."

"You were never dating," Harry said smiling. "She couldn't have dumped you."

"You know what I mean," he said grinning. "Guess we weren't meant to be!"

"Sod off!" Harry said laughing. "Guess it's a good thing that I didn't tell Herm…she's kind of aggravated that my mum knows everything in all her classes."

"More that Hermione," Ron said as they walked upstairs. "I hardly believe that…"

"Mr. Potter?" said a female voice from the bottom of the stairs. "Mr. Weasley…" They both turned and looked to see Professor McGonagall standing there. Hermione next to her.

"Professor Dumbledore needs to see you," she continued. "Right now."

"Ok," Harry said as he looked down at his practice clothes that were covered with dirt. "Can I change?"

"No need," Professor McGonagall said. "Follow me…" The two of them came back down the stairs and followed her and Hermione out of the common room and down the path to the Professor Dumbledore's office.

"Bertie Bott's" Professor McGonagall said as the door to Professor Dumbledore's office slide open and all of them entered. They walked up the staircase and into the office where they saw Professor Dumbledore standing there smiling. Harry glanced towards the window. Sitting next to the window was a large black dog….

"Sirius!!" Harry screamed as the large black dog suddenly transformed into a man in his mid-thirties.

"Harry!" Sirius said as he walked over and hugged him. Harry noticed that he had cut his dark hair much shorter and that he had gained some much needed weight. He looked very healthy. "You look great! Look how tall you've gotten." Harry smiled. He loved to see Sirius. One for the fact that he was like a surrogate father to him, and two because it meant he wasn't back in Azkaban.

"Good to see you too," Harry said. Sirius smiled and then looked up at Hermione and Ron who were also smiling.

"Hermione! Ron!" Sirius said. "Come over here!" They walked over and Sirius hugged them as well, commenting on how much they've grown. "I can't believe how much you all have changed."

"Not that much," Ron said grinning. "You look different though."

"Yeah," Hermione added. "Much healthier."

"Well thanks," Sirius said smiling as he looked up at Dumbledore.

"I thought you weren't coming until this weekend?" Harry said as Dumbledore magically made several chairs appear.

"I wasn't," Sirius said sitting down, "But Dumbledore wrote me like you did. Saying that there was something at Hogwarts that I ought to see. I figured that this must be something worth making the trip for."

And Remus?" Harry asked.

Sirius checked his watch. "Any time now he should be…" The was a sudden pop and as Harry opened his eyes he suddenly saw Remus Lupin standing there dusting off his clothes. Lupin looked identical to the way Harry had last seen him. A little less pale perhaps, but identically the same.

"You really know how to make an entrance there don't you Remus?" Sirius said rolling his eyes.

"Apparation.." Remus said sighing. "Highly overrated." (**A/N: I know, I know…can't apparate into Hogwart's…but hey my story I can shake things up a little bit! Screw it just blame it Voldemort or something!!**)

"Professor!" Hermione said out of habit.

"Remus," he said smiling. "Call me, Remus." He looked from each of them until landing his gaze on Harry. "All right there, Harry?"

"Definitely," Harry said grinning. He had most all of his favorite people in the same room with him for the first time in a very long time. He couldn't have been any happier.

"Well Sirius," Remus said turning to his old friend. "What's the good word?"

"I couldn't tell you," Sirius said grinning. "I know as much as you do."

"You'd like to think that wouldn't you?" Remus said smiling.

"Remus has discovered the subtle art of sarcasm," Sirius said rolling his eyes. "This is what I've been putting up with for the past few months."

"You know you enjoy it," Remus said sitting down. "So? Shall we catch up? You all look fantastic! How is everyone? How's our good friend Snape?"

"Just as slimy as ever." Ron said fiercely. Dumbledore coughed.

"Oh," Ron said. "Sorry Professor, no disrespect intended…"

"What?" Dumbledore said playing innocent. "I didn't hear a thing…" Harry smiled.

"Go figure," Sirius said stretching his arms. "Wouldn't expect him to clean up his act…"

"How long can you stay?" Hermione said excitedly.

"Not long," Remus said casting a glance at Sirius. "There are things going on that we need to get back to…"

"About Voldemort?" Harry said sitting up straight. Ron cringed.

"Let's not talk about that right now," Sirius said uneasily. "We're here for now though. Let's enjoy that."

"Yes," Dumbledore said injecting. "Now gentlemen, I have to have a few words with you before we can show you the reason we brought you here."

"What is it Professor?" Sirius said looking into Dumbledore's aging eyes. Harry noticed that both Sirius and Remus looked at Dumbledore with looks of utmost respect. They wouldn't dare cross him.

"Gentlemen," Dumbledore said quickly glancing at Harry, Hermione, and Ron. "We've had a visitor to Hogwarts recently that…well…we've have to keep a lot of information from."

"Why's that?" Remus asked inquisitively. "Do you think that they're trouble?"

"No," Dumbledore said smiling. "Nothing along the lines that you two are thinking about. Of course men in your position would naturally jump to that conclusion since you spend all day everyday looking for such people…this person just comes from somewhere where everything here is unfamiliar."

Sirius looked at Harry and winked at him. Harry just grinned, he really didn't know how Sirius was going to handle the upcoming news.

"Well Professor," Remus said. "Whatever you want us to do, I'm sure we'll both be more than willing to oblige."

"Of course," Sirius said nodding.

"Well," Dumbledore said. "I do not want to ruin your surprise, but once you see it yourself, you will know exactly what I have meant by this conversation. You will know exactly what you mustn't say…"

Sirius and Remus both exchanged confused glances. "All right," Sirius said skeptically.

"If you two gentlemen would just come with me," Professor McGonagall said. She eyed Sirius a little warily, still getting over the realization of what really happened in his life. They both stood up and walked into the adjoining office and disappeared.

"Professor," Harry said. "Do you think either of them will say anything?"

"I don't know," Professor Dumbledore said. "I should hope not. The emotion may be too strong however."

"Professor," Hermione said slowly. "I've been thinking…why couldn't a memory charm just be used. Like before you send Lily back to her own time, couldn't you just charm her mind and make her forget everything she's learned here?"

"I've thought about that," Dumbledore said sighing. "However, the amount of information she's learned all ready. In the first five minutes she was here is all ready too great."

"How's that?" Ron asked.

"A memory charm takes a lot out of the mind," Dumbledore continued. "A great deal of information other than the intended thought is lost

during the process. The amount it would take to clean your mother's mind, could take away even the simplest thoughts for her. She may go back to her own time and not know who she is…"

'That would be horrible," Hermione said.

"Exactly," Dumbledore said. "Of course one will be performed. One that is strong enough to rid her of the memory of us. Of you three and anyone else she's met her."

"So she won't remember me?" Harry said very slowly.

"That's the intention," Dumbledore said as his smile faded away. "She may remember things you have said to her however, but she won't remember exactly who said them. It's a rather complicated situation. That is why I have asked you not to expose her to too much of her future. For the simple fact that I cannot clean that much out of her. For her own good."

"How did you know I wrote to Sirius?" Harry asked.

"I knew you would," Dumbledore said. "In fact it was the first thing I thought of when I learned of this whole situation. I agree with you however. I feel that Sirius should have this opportunity. As well as Remus…"

Harry nodded slowly as Dumbledore walked over to his desk. "Professor?" he said. Professor McGonagall reappeared. "You may bring them back out." She nodded and disappeared, only to reappear with Sirius and Remus.

"Are we done sharing secrets?" Remus asked grinning.

"Yes," Harry said standing up. He was almost as tall as both Sirius and Remus.

"Harry," Professor Dumbledore said. "If you would like to go and get…

"All right," Harry said nodding. "I'll be right back."

"If you come back with someone like Snape," Sirius said jokingly, "I'm not going to be very amused!" Harry laughed as he disappeared out of the office. He ran for the Gryffindor common room as fast as he could, barely stopping to let the portrait hole fully open. He ran inside and saw Lily curled up in a corner reading a book of some sort.

"Hey!" Harry said out of breath.

Lily looked up and smiled. "Hi Harry. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said breathing heavy. "I'm…great…"

"All right," she said and she shut her book. "Is there something you needed?"

"Yes," he said. "You need to come with me…right now."

"Now?" she said. The fire was illuminating her face, and made features such as her hair stand out even more than usual.

"Yes," Harry said nodding. "Now…"

"Ok," she said standing up. "Where are we going?"

"To see Dumbledore," he said as he started walking back in the direction of where he came. He didn't feel Lily's presence with him however. He stopped and turned around. She was standing where he had left her.

"Dumbledore?" she said slowly. "Does this mean what I think it means?"

"What do you think it means?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I'm going back?" she asked. Harry could hear the hope in her voice.

"Oh," Harry said realizing how he had made things seem. "No it's not that…" He watched as Lily's face dropped. "It's good though!"

"Oh," she said slowly as she took a few steps forward. "All right." Harry smiled meekly at her as she got nearer to him. The two of them walked the all too familiar route to Dumbledore's office.

"Bertie Bott's," Lily and Harry both said in unison. They both smiled at each other as they walked in and began to ascend the staircase. Harry could hear laughing coming from the top. This was it. This was the moment of truth. Harry could feel the butterflies in his stomach flying at rapid pace. "They must be riding Firebolt360's," Harry thought to himself.

"Something the matter, Harry?" Lily asked. He hadn't noticed her staring at him.

"Nope," Harry said smiling. "Never better…just a little excited I guess."

"Excited," she said. "For what?"

"You'll see," he said as he stopped right before opening the door. "Could you wait here for a second?"

"Sure," she said shrugging. He stared at her and for a spilt second he saw her as a sixteen year old girl. Just any other girl. Not the woman who would eventually spend nine months carrying him inside her. Not the woman who would care for him, and love him. Not the woman who would give her life to save his. Not the mother that he never got to know. Just any other girl. He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. He almost thought he felt tears welling up.

He opened the door and peaked his head inside. All the heads in the room immediately looked at him. Ron and Hermione had looks of utmost anticipation on their faces, where as Sirius and Remus just looked to be patiently waiting for whatever was to come. Dumbledore just smiled and nodded at Harry. Harry smiled back and turned around, "All right," he said slowly. "Come on in…"

A/N: *LOL* I was actually thinking about leaving it there. Then I thought about how pissed off I would be if someone left it there for me.

Very frustrating. So I'm not posting this one until I have the next chapter written…!

Lily smiled as she stepped into the office. She looked around and smiled politely at all the familiar faces and even at the unfamiliar ones, which she noticed there were two of. Two men she had never seen before, yet they seemed very familiar. She really couldn't see them though, seeing as they were several feet away.

"Hello," Professor Dumbledore said breaking the silence. "How are you this evening?"

"Very well," she said smiling. "Harry's just told me that we needed to come see you."

"Yes," Dumbledore said as he glanced at Sirius and Remus who were both staring at Lily with similar looks on their faces. A look of being able to recognize someone, but not being able to place them. "I have some gentlemen here who have come some distance to see you…"

Sirius and Remus both smiled politely. Lily did the same. They all seemed to be waiting for someone to introduce them.

"Let me introduce you," Dumbledore said motioning towards Remus. "This is Mr. Remus Lupin."

Lily's eyes widened larger than Harry had ever seen them. They almost looked as if they were going to pop out of her head. "Are you serious?" she exclaimed.

"No," Sirius said smiling the smile that Lily had seen a million times in the past. She recognized it immediately. "That'd be me. I'm Sirius."

"Geez…" Remus mumbled. "You still say that?"

"No, not really," Sirius said shrugging. "When you go into hiding, believe or not, you really don't get the opportunity to introduce yourself very often. It's still a classic though, I use it when I can…" Lily looked as if she was going to faint. Harry took a step closer to her so he could catch her in case she did.

"And I believe you know everyone else," Dumbledore said looking at Ron and Hermione who were watching Lily closely. She didn't say anything.

"Gentlemen," Professor Dumbledore said turning towards Sirius and Remus who were laughing at some inside joke Sirius had just made. "If I could introduce you…"

"So sorry," Remus said standing up. Sirius followed suit.

"Now," Dumbledore said, "the next few sentences to come out of my mouth will sound a bit strange, but believe me I speak nothing but the truth."

"Of course," Sirius said nodding.

"This gentlemen," Dumbledore said motioning towards Lily. "This is Lily Evans…"

Harry, Ron, and Hermione's eyes all shot straight to Sirius and Remus' faces. Even Dumbledore looked at them with intrigue, waiting for their responses.

The playful grins that were on Sirius and Remus' faces only moments before suddenly disappeared. The were replaced with looks of the shock. Shock of the highest level achievable.

"What?" Remus said barely audible.

"Lily Evans.." Dumbledore said looking at her. She still looked as if she was going to faint. "I believe the three of you have met before…"

"Are you serious?" Sirius said as he stared at Lily.

"No," Dumbledore said smiling. "That would be you." He chuckled out loud at his own joke. Sirius didn't seem to take any notice of this. He walked over to Lily who hadn't moved since she realized who he and Remus were. Harry wasn't sure if she was still breathing.

Sirius seemed to be shaking. He bent down to look at Lily at eye level, and Harry noticed that tears were welling up in his eyes as he stared at her. "Oh my god…" he stammered. "It is…"

Remus took a step closer and looked as well. "She looks just like her…" he stammered slowly.

"Cause it's her!" Sirius screamed. "I mean…" His voice cracked. "Lily?!"

Lily nodded as she looked Sirius in the eye. "Sirius Black?"

"Yes…" Sirius said nodding very quickly.

"You've…" Lily looked him up and down slowly. "You've gotten older. You both have." She smiled very awkwardly.

Sirius turned away. Harry had never seen him so emotional before. He had a feeling that he was fighting a loosing battle against crying. Harry glanced at Hermione and Ron. Hermione was sniffling and rubbing her eyes, and Ron stood there smiling.

"But how?" Remus said. "How on earth is she…here…"

"We're aren't quite sure," Dumbledore said as he recounted the story of what had happened with Snape to both Remus and Sirius. They both couldn't take their eyes off of Lily.

"I was planning on telling James and you both all about it when I got back…" Lily said somewhat regaining her composure. Sirius turned away again at the mere mention of the name James. Even Remus choked up when she mentioned the name of their best friend.

"I heard," Lily said walking over to Sirius and placing a comforting hand on him. It wasn't as if a sixteen year old girl was talking to a thirty-six year old grown man. It was as if they had a connection that had been there for years. "About James…I know he passed away…"

"Oh god…" Sirius stammered. His voice was filled with painful emotion. "You know?"

"Sirius," Dumbledore said quickly. "I think you and Remus need a second to collect yourselves. If you would just follow me for a moment. I need to explain some more specific things to you now that you know why you were brought here."

Sirius just looked at Dumbledore and walked straight for the office that he had been in before. Remus stared at Lily before very slowly following him and Dumbledore.

"Well," Hermione said looking at Lily, who was staring at the door that the men had all just disappeared into.

"I can't believe it," Lily said very quietly. "I mean everything else. It's explainable…well it isn't really, but I can make more sense out of it. This…them…I mean that's Sirius and Remus." She turned to face Harry, Ron, and Hermione. "I grew up with them…" She paused, "but right now…it feels like they grew up with out me."

"They didn't really," Harry said trying to be encouraging.

She smiled at Harry. "I know…I can't believe how different they look. I mean Sirius…he's a man. I mean he was always a good looking kid, but I just never could have ever pictured him growing up, and into himself…and cutting off his hair! Remus…he looks almost the same. He was always tall, always pale, and always had thin light hair…." The door suddenly opened and Remus and Dumbledore stepped out. Sirius was walking out very slowly behind them with his head down.

"Well," Dumbledore said looking at Harry, Ron, and Hermione. "Things should be in order now."

Remus smiled widely at Lily. He seemed to be excited by the fact that Lily was here. Sirius, however, had a look on his face that no one in the room could really understand. He's eyes were semi-swollen, and he just started at Lily very stone faced, almost in disbelief.

"So," Remus said looking around at everyone before finally settling his gaze on Lily. "You really are Lily Evans?"

"Yes," Lily said nodding. "You really are Remus Lupin?"

"Yes," he said grinning.

"What's was your dog's name then?" Lily asked questionably.

"Pardon me?" Remus asked confused.

"Your dog," Lily repeated. "The summer before your sixth year at Hogwarts, your dog mysteriously disappeared. You were devastated…you wrote me countless owls because my dog had died the year before…"

"Darby…" Remus said smiling slowly, as if remembering the event. "You remember that?"

"Of course," Lily said. "You were talking about it just the other day. Well, for me it was just the other day…" Remus just smiled widely. He turned to Sirius who still wasn't speaking.

"Ok," Remus said. "That's pretty convincing, but just to make sure…when's my birthday?"

"June 12th," Lily said grinning. "Two days before mine."

"Well," Remus said turning towards Harry. "I'm convinced…" Harry smiled back and then looked over to Sirius, who was now staring at Harry.

"Sirius?" Hermione asked. "Are you all right?" He didn't say anything. The look of disbelief still hadn't disappeared from his face.

"Well," Remus said turning towards Lily. "This is entirely too amazing. I mean I feel like just sitting here and recalling my childhood with you…"

"It's still my life," Lily said.

"Yeah," Remus said distantly. "I guess it would be wouldn't it…Hey! You remember that time in Hogsmede when James was sick in the hospital wing?"

"When was this?" Lily asked. You could tell she was searching the back of her mind for this memory.

"Early April?" Remus said looking at Sirius for help. "Had to be, because you, Sirius, Emily, and myself all went walking around looking to buy James' a birthday present. Sirius and I ended up buying him that hat that ended up turning his hair blue for three weeks!"

"What?" Lily asked as a big smile came across her face. She was still trying to think.

"Oh come on!" Remus said. "Sirius and I put dye in the hat to turn it blue. Wow did he want to kill us. You have to remember that. You screamed at both of us for being so immature…"

"That was seventh year," Sirius interrupted very quietly. He was bent over in a chair with his head between his legs at this point. Everyone turned to look at him.

"Was it?" Remus said. "I could have sworn it was earlier than that…"

"No," Sirius said looking up. "It was seventh…"

"Are you sure…" Remus said. "Because it would have…"

"It was seventh," Sirius said breathing deeply. "Because it was right before graduation, and Lily was flipping out on us because she thought James' hair would blue for the ceremony and that he would have to make his speech with bright blue hair…"

"Oh yeah…" Remus said suddenly remembering. "You're right…"

"That would explain why I couldn't recall it," Lily said shrugging. "I'll have to remind James' not put on that hat." Remus laughed and Sirius just stared.

Lily looked around Remus and straight at Sirius. He seemed a little startled by this. She walked over and stood about two feet away from him.

"Sirius," she said. "In the entire time I knew you, you could never once keep your mouth shut for more that thirty seconds. Now that you've gone and grown up, suddenly you're silent?" She talked to him like a superior. Not like a child talking to an adult.

Sirius just looked at her. "I've been through a lot in life," he said slowly. "Enough for anyone to be silenced…"

"I see," Lily said nodding and sitting down next to him. "Do you not really think it's me?"

"I don't know what I think right now," Sirius said. "I really don't know."

"Well," Lily said. "Then you know exactly what I'm going through then. I mean last week, you and I were arguing over who could transfigure a badger into a breadbox faster, while James sat there and made fun of us both for being so competitive. Now here I am, sitting with you twenty years in the future…you're a grown man, and I'm still the sixteen year old kid I was."

Sirius looked at Lily, and Harry swore he saw a slight smile cross his lips. "I only wish I could be the sixteen year old kid I used to be…"

Lily smiled. "Well," she said. "I need proof…"

"Of what?" Sirius asked slowly still.

"That you are who you say you are…" Lily said grinning. "Just like I did with Remus. I mean anyone can say that they're Sirius Black, but I'll know the truth." Sirius raised an eyebrow.

"What did James keep under his bed back at home?" Lily asked grinning.

"Uhh…" Sirius said looking up. "You mean the magazines?"

"Not those…!" Lily said shaking her head. "The other thing under there."

"Pictures," Sirius said. "A green shoebox full of picture of everyone and everything. He was always taking pictures. He didn't show too many people that though."

Lily smiled. "How are you Sirius?

Sirius looked up. "My turn…"

"Your turn?" Lily asked. "You're still not convinced I'm who everyone says I am?"

"Birthdays and hiding places can be learned by anyone," Sirius said grinning. "My question is a bit deeper than that…"

"All right," Lily said. She didn't even notice that everyone else was still in the room As far as she was convinced it was just her and Sirius.

"What was the only reason that caused James and I to ever get in a fight…?" Sirius asked looking at her directly in her green eyes.

"James and you always fought," Lily said. "I mean you were like brothers. There are several reasons…

"No," Sirius said interrupting. "There was only one fight…ever. We bitched and complained, but when the day was over it was as if nothing had ever happened. Like brothers as you so delicately put it. You were the only other person to ever see us fight…We never talked about it afterwards."

"Oh!" Lily said as she suddenly realized. "Last summer…" Sirius smiled. "You and James…you came over the week I had come to visit him. Said something about plans you had had together. James

said that he wasn't going to go because I was in town and you snapped."

"I didn't snap…" Sirius said. "I was just angry because I felt like he was abandoning his friends for a girl. No offense…"

"Yeah," Lily said distantly. "I remember…you hit him, and he hit you back. He was so upset afterwards. Thought you hated him."

"And you came over to my house to talk to me," Sirius said. "Do you remember what you said to me?"

"Sirius, I would never let James abandon his friends for me. I would never make him choose between you and I…" Lily said. "That's exactly what I said."

Sirius smiled the widest Harry had seen him ever smile. "Word for word…this is surreal…"

"I know," Lily said. "I know…"

"How exceptional," Dumbledore said smiling. "I've quite enjoyed this reunion. However, I have a few things that I need to take care of concerning Professor Snape. I will return within the hour. Fell free to continue with your reunion…" With that he left the room.

Harry smiled. This was amazing. This was incredible. This was all he ever wanted, with the exception that he was missing his father. It was the only puzzle piece missing form this picture. Everything was going great, until Harry looked at Sirius. There was something in Sirius expression that made Harry uneasy…

"Lily," Sirius said very suddenly looking at Harry. "I need to tell you something. I know I'm not supposed to…but I don't care…"

"Sirius!!" Harry said as he took a step towards his mother. Sirius looked nervously at Harry then back at Lily.

"Sirius," Remus said slowly. "You heard Dumbledore…You can't do…"

"Why the hell not!" Sirius said standing up and swinging around to face Harry, Remus, Hermione, and Ron. "Why the hell can't I?"

"It would alter the future!" Hermione said plea fully. "You don't know what would happen if to us, to you, to anyone now if you changed the future."

"Who says it would have to be a bad thing," Sirius said loudly, trying to reason with the others. "I mean what if what happened was the worst that could have happened. I mean Harry…" he looked sympathetically at Harry. "You know your life would be far more different…my life would be far more different…"

"I like my life the way it is…" Harry said slowly. "I mean sure there are a few things that I would like to change…but I can't put others at risk. What happened was meant to be. As much as I hate it, and as much as you hate it. It happened, and there's nothing we can do about it…"

'Yes there is!" Sirius said motioning to Lily, who looked extremely confused. "we could tell her…she could tell the others…"

"I don't want to do anything that would jeopardize the future," Lily suddenly said.

"Wouldn't you want to save James?" Sirius said swinging back around to face her.

"Save him?" Lily said nervously. "What does he need to be saved from?"

"His death!" Sirius said looking at her. "He was murdered by…"

"Sirius!!!!" Harry, Remus, Ron, and Hermione all yelled in mixed unison.

"Murdered?" Lily asked turning very white. "James was murdered..?"

"Sirius," Remus said standing in between Lily and Sirius. "I will not let you do this…"

"Oh get off it Remus!" Sirius said. "Just because I have the balls…." he stopped when the door suddenly swung open. Standing in the entrance was Professor Dumbledore and Professor Snape.

"Is anything the matter?" Professor Dumbledore said entering his office.

Sirius took a long look at Lily. She seemed to be upset. "No," he mumbled as he sat down.

"Well Lily," Professor Dumbledore said. "Professor Snape here seems to be progressing on a potion that will allow you to return to your own time."

"Wonderful," Lily said solemnly as she glanced at Snape who staring at her very intently.

"Take a picture, Severus," Sirius said glaring at Snape. "It'll last longer."

"You…" Snape said giving Sirius one of the dirtiest scowls that Harry had ever seen.

"Me…" Sirius said standing up.

"Always there to defend your little friends…" Snape said still scowling. "One half of the ever popular Gryffindor protectors…" Sirius scowled.

"Or should I say," Snape continued. "The only remaining member of the duet…."

"Consider yourself very lucky that there are other people in the room, Severus," Sirius said in a very forced voice. "Very lucky."

"I'm terrified," Snape said glancing at Remus, who was also glaring at Snape. "Well, now we have a party don't we?"

"If we do," Ron said sensing the tension, "Is there anyway I can get uninvited?"

"Professor," Dumbledore said to Snape. "I would ask that you please respect the fact that you are in my office, and that you will be respectful while you are here."

"Of course," Snape said as him and Sirius continued to exchange death stares. The door of Dumbledore's office suddenly swung open and Professor McGonagall came into the room.

"Professor Dumbledore!" she said hastily. "You have an urgent owl from the Ministry of Magic…"

"Excuse me," Dumbledore said as he walked over to converse with Professor McGonagall.

"So why'd you do it?" Remus mumbled to Snape. "Why'd you send her into the future?"

"What makes you think I did it?" Snape said scowling.

"We heard the story," Remus continued. "And who else was twisted enough to do something like this back then?"

"I don't know," Snape said slowly. "We had a few twisted peers who would go so far as to lure a student into the presence of a werewolf without a second thought…" Sirius glared at Snape with a look of utmost hatred, and Remus whitened more so than usual.

"I know why you did it," Sirius said scowling.

"Sirius Black knows the answer," Snape said rolling his eyes. "What a surprise."

"I never even thought anything about it until now…" Sirius said. "That one morning back at school…"

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"What's up with her lately?" Sirius said as he started on his third bowl of porridge.

"Don't know," James said as he watched Lily walking towards the exit and leave to the library. "She's acting differently though isn't she? I mean it's not just me who notices?"

"Definitely different," Sirius said as he watched a leggy blonde Ravenclaw lean over to pick up the fork she dropped.

"You think it's me?" James asked slowly. "I mean I don't think I did anything, but it's always possible."

"Girls are impossible to understand," Sirius said turning his gaze back towards James. "I mean they'll sit there and flirt with you all night and tell you about how great you are and then the second you try to kiss them, suddenly they think you're some sort of sex crazed maniac that only cares about one thing. A complete night and day effect…"

James started blankly as Sirius. "Are we talking about you or me here?"

"Sorry," Sirius said with his mouthful. "Go on, trouble in paradise…you were saying."

"Trouble in paradise?" Jacob Avery said as if he had just appeared in thin air. "Is James Potter having problems with his 'whittle' girlfriend?"

"Why the hell are you listening to our conversation?" Sirius said standing up.

"It's not like he was trying," Severus Snape said as he walked up and stood next to his friend. "You both are just such obnoxious loud mouths that its impossible not to hear your petty conversations."

"Well tell you what," James said standing up as well. "Why don't you go and look up the word girlfriend. When you figure out what one is, then think about maybe why you've never had one and probably never will…"

"Maybe because they need to get some girls in Slytherian first," Sirius said glaring. "Instead of the trolls that they have in there."

"Trolls or not," James said. "Those girls don't have any options to choose from anyway…"

"Well Potter," Snape said. "I really don't see much difference between our girls and yours…"

"How about ours have all their teeth in place and their noses set dead center on their faces…" Sirius said interrupting.

"Guess that doesn't make that little muggle born girl of yours any better then, does it?" Snape said as a small smile crept across his lips.

James' entire body tensed up and a look of fury crossed his face. "Say that again…"

"Would you like me to break it down to simple syllables?" Snape asked coolly.

"You know, Snape," Sirius said slowly, glancing at James in case he decided to beat the crap out of Snape. "You need to get over it…"

"I beg your pardon?" Snape said.

"Get- o-ver -it," Sirius said breaking his sentence down. "Get over the jealousy issues you have…"

"Excuse me?" Snape said in almost a laugh. "Jealous of who exactly?"

"Well let see," Sirius said. "James has kicked your ass in Quidditch every time we place Slytherian, he gets marks that are just 'that' much higher than yours, he'll be head boy and you won't, and yes, he did get the girl."

Snape just started blankly for a second. "The girl? Why one earth would I want her…"

"Because we all knew you did," Sirius said cockily. "You've always fancied her, no matter where she's come from. I mean you treat all muggle borns like crap, but you're mysteriously nice to Lily. I mean she's a great girl, so it's understandable. But it just kills you to see that the one person in the school to get her, is the one person who beats you at everything. The one person who can actually say they are better than you, and you can't do anything about it."

"I don't know what sort of power trip you think you're on, Black," Snape said keeping his composure. "But unlike some people, I would never put my family's name and honor on the line for some muggle born girl."

"And that's why James will always be better than you," Sirius said scowling.

Snape turned away from Sirius and faced James, who still seemed ready to jump on him at any moment. "You really think that you are that perfect, don't you, Potter? Well, welcome back to reality. You're not. You'll get yours someday. I'll make sure of it."

"I'm terrified," James said mocking Snape.

"You should be," Snape said seriously. "It would be horrible if your girlfriend just disappeared one day, wouldn't it?"

"IF YOU TOUCH HER…..!" James yelled. Most of the Great Hall turned to look. Several professors did as well.

"Calm down Potter," Snape said. "You wouldn't want people to think any less of you, would you?" With that, Snape turned and walked towards the exit, Avery in tow.

"I hate him," James said angrily. "I absolutely despise him."

"We all do," Sirius said sitting down. "I swear, I wish we could just do something to him that would really get him."

"We could always have him pay a visit to the Shrieking Shack one night," James said rubbing his neck. "Don't think we'd ever have to see him again after that…"

Sirius smiled an almost evil smile. "We could couldn't we…?"

James looked up. "Si, I was kidding…"

"I know," Sirius said. "But I mean, it is always an option to keep in the back of one's mind."

"Yeah I guess," James said looking at Sirius skeptically. "I just know that if he touches Lil…"

"Oh come on," Sirius said. "he's all talk. I mean what's he going to do? I highly doubt he's got that 'If I can't have her, no one can,' mentality…"

"I don't know," James said. "that's what I'm afraid of…he's pretty twisted…Wait! She's in the library right now by herself. For all I know he could be going there right now!"

"Are you serious?" Sirius asked. "You really think he's going to do something?"

"I just don't have a very good feeling about it," James said as collected his things. "I'm just going to go and catch up with her."

"Class starts in five minutes…" Sirius said.

"See you in class then," James said as he walked out and towards the library…

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"That was the day!" Lily said shocked. "That was the day that I ended up here!!"

"Really?" Hermione asked. "So you did do it!"

"Oh how can you possibly remember that?" Snape said looking a Sirius. "That was over twenty years ago!"

"Yeah," Sirius said. "Well sometimes the past comes back!" He looked at Lily.

"That potion…" Lily began. "That day in class…you told Professor Veldor that you had created a new potion. What was it then?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," Snape said turning to leave. "After all the work that I'm putting into creating this potion for you, I would appreciate the accusations to be kept to ones self. Good night…!" Snape turned to leave.

"Severus," Professor Dumbledore said stopping his conversation with McGonagall, as he watched him leave. "When do you feel the potion will be ready?"

"Well," Snape said glaring back at the rest of the group. "I plan on working on it diligently. There are entirely too many people here that I really wish to be gone." With that he left.

"Twit," Remus muttered barely audible.

"So wait," Lily said looking up at Sirius. "Snape fancied me?"

"I always thought so," Sirius said. "Didn't deny it really, did he?"

"I think I'm going to be ill…." Lily said.

"I know I would be!" Ron said shaking his head. "I really didn't know that he was capable of real human emotion."

"Ron," Hermione said. "He's not a monster."

"Could have fooled me," he said folding his arms across his chest.

"It's late," Harry said checking his watch.

"Yes it is," Sirius said looking out the window. "You all need to go and get some sleep."

"When are you leaving?" Harry asked.

Sirius glanced at Remus, who shrugged. "I think we can manage one more day." Harry, Ron, and Hermione all smiled.

"See you tomorrow then?" Harry said.

"Of course," Sirius said. He glanced at Lily. "You too."

"Couldn't escape you back then, Lily said smiling. "Hardly doubt I could escape you now."

"Good night all," Remus said, as the four Gryffindors all walked out of the office.

"Surprise," Ron said nudging Lily as they were walking back.

"That was definitely a surprise," Lily said shaking her head. "I'm still in shock."

"Well they'll be here tomorrow," Hermione said. "I'm sure they're will be plenty more…" She glanced uneasily at Ron and Harry.

"Peanut Brittle," Harry said as they approached the portrait hole. It swung open and they all walked in.

"Goon night," Lily said as she walked towards the girls dorms.

"I'll be right up," Hermione said glancing at Harry and Ron, who stopped.

"Do you think that Sirius will try and tell her again?" Hermione asked.

"I was just thinking the same thing," Harry said. "I don't know…"

"As long as Dumbledore's around he won't say anything," Ron said.

"Yeah," Harry said. "But we can't make sure that Dumbledore is going to hang around all the time."

"I know," Ron said shrugging.

"I think you need to talk to Sirius," Hermione said to Harry.

"I tried!" Harry said. "He's very set in letting her know…"

"Well," Hermione said. "we're just going to have to keep him from doing that at all costs…"

"All costs?" Ron asked. "What does that mean?"

"I don't know yet…" Hermione said shrugging. "But I'll figure it out…"

Harry and Ron exchanged nervous glances. "I think it's time for bed," Ron suggested. "We're all kind of strung out right now."

"I second that," Harry said.

"All right," Hermione said. "we'll figure this out in the morning…Good night."

"Night," Harry and Ron said as they all went in the direction of their dorms.

"I really wonder what goes on in that head of hers sometimes," Harry said grinning.

"I try not to ask myself that question," Ron said as they walked up the stairs. "Your head really starts to hurt after awhile if you do…" Harry laughed as they both walked into their dorm room to find their other three roommates fast asleep.

"Ahh my bed!" Harry said jumping on top of it. He had completely forgotten that he was still covered in dirt from Quidditch practice.

"Oh so now sleep doesn't seem like such a bad thing," Ron said as he changed into pajamas.

"Yeah, yeah…yeah…" Harry was slowly drifting off to sleep when suddenly there was a tapping at the window.

"What's that?" Ron asked as he threw his old clothes across the room.

"I thought I had dreamed that," Harry said lifting himself up on one elbow. "What is it?"

"Some people are trying to sleep!" Seamus mumbled from his bed.

"Then keep trying," Ron said casting a look in the direction of Seamus' bed.

"Where have you two been?" Seamus said. Harry could only see his blurry silhouette. He realized that that was probably because he wasn't wearing his glasses.

"I thought you were trying to sleep," Harry mumbled as he fumbled in the dark for where he had put his glasses.

"I was…" Seamus said.

"You're not trying hard enough," Ron mumbled as he tried to lift the window. "Harry, it's an owl…"

"Is it?" Harry said hoisting himself out of bed and over to the window, which Ron finally managed to open.

"It's from…" Harry stopped realizing that Seamus was probably listening. He instead pointed as he and Ron read the letter…"

Harry,

Sorry about earlier…I know you must have been upset by the fact that I tried to tell Lily the truth. You must understand how hard this is for me…I will try to behave myself in the future. In a situation like this however…sometimes hope gets the better of me. Remus and I are at the Shrieking Shack. Talk to you tomorrow…

Sirius

"He'll try?" Ron said. "That's not very reassuring."

"You're telling me…" Harry said slowly. "I really wouldn't be surprised is he tried to tell her again tomorrow…"

The sun crept into the Gryffindor common room and a thin stream of light swept right across Harry's face. He blinked a few times, trying to focus his eyes as he reached haplessly for his glasses.

"Morning," Neville said as he casually strolled past Harry's bed, heading in the direction of the door.

"Morning," Harry grumbled as he put on his glasses. "Where are you going?"

"To breakfast," Neville said. "It's eight…"

"It's eight already?" Harry said sitting up and glancing around the room. Dean and Seamus were gone as well, but Ron was still fast asleep in his bed.

"Yeah," Neville said. "You might want to get going. You really need a shower."

"Guess so," Harry said as he looked at his dirt stained slacks that he hadn't taken off.

"See you in Potions," Neville said as he started to leave.

"Potions…" Harry said as he fell back down on his bed. "Dammit, we have potions today…Hey Ron…?" Ron rolled over.

"We are not going through this again," Harry said as he heaved one of his pillows across the room, hitting Ron right in the face.

"What the…" Ron grumbled sleepily, as he sat up and looked over at Harry. He started laughing hysterically as he looked at Harry disheveled appearance. "Damn Harry, you really need to take a shower." He threw the pillow back. "Your pillows are trying to escape.

"Stuff it," Harry said half laughing. "We need to get up, it's eight."

"Where does the time go," Ron said as he pulled himself out of bed and headed straight for the bathroom. Harry followed suit.

"We've got potions today," Harry said as he walked into the bathroom.

"Crap…" Ron said as his voice echoed off the cold walls.

"Yeah exactly," Harry said as he walked behind the shower curtain and quickly ran the water. After about five minutes he shut the water off, dried off, and wrapped the towel around his waist.

"You want me to wait?" Ron said as he put on his shoe. He was all ready fully dressed in his uniform and robes.

"Nah," Harry said. "Go ahead, I'll catch up."

"All right," Ron said grabbing his bag. "See you downstairs."

"See you," Harry said as he walked over to his dresser and started to pull out his uniform clothes. He got dressed and threw on his robes, grabbed his bag, and quickly headed downstairs and out to the Great Hall.

"Harry!" said a voice from behind him. It was Hermione.

"Hey," he said as she caught up to him. "Running behind?"

"I overslept," Hermione said smiling as they starting walking. "If it wasn't for Lavender and Parvati arguing over whose lip gloss was whose, I don't think I would have ever woken up."

"Where's Lily?" Harry asked.

"Dunno," Hermione said. "She was getting up when I was, but when I came back from the bathroom, she was gone. She's probably at breakfast already. Where's Ron?"

"Breakfast," Harry said.

"He's probably with her then," Hermione said. Harry made a face that Hermione couldn't see. He had a sudden flashback to the day before, and thought about Ron and his mum together.

"So you and Ron are going to the ball together?" Harry said casting her a sideways glance. "You must be excited…"

Hermione blushed. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know," Harry said shrugging. "You tell me…"

"Whatever," Hermione said shaking her head. "About this whole Sirius thing…"

"Wait a second," Harry said laughing. "Why are you changing the subject? You always try to change the subject when it comes to something besides school, studying, or saving the world."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Harry," Hermione said as they walked though the corridor.

"Look I really don't care," Harry said. "But you are my best friend…and so is he…and its just…well…is this a date for a dance, or is it going to end up being something more? I think I have the right to know if I'm going to suddenly become a third wheel."

"That won't happen," Hermione said flustered. "I mean I don't even know what he wants. Do you know what he wants..?"

"Whatever," Harry said smiling. "About that Sirius thing…"

"You're wretched," Hermione said rolling her eyes. "You know that?"

"I really don't know what you're talking about, Hermione," Harry said shaking his head as he picked up his pace and walked into the Great Hall. He walked over to the Gryffindor table where he found Ron laughing and talking with Seamus, Dean, Lavender, and Neville.

"Morning," Harry said as he stood next to Ron. He glanced at Hermione and motioned for her to sit next to Ron. She glared at him before taking the seat.

"Morning," Seamus said groggily.

"He says we kept him awake last night," Ron said looking at Harry.

"Well," Seamus said trying to defend himself. "You all came in at who knows what time and just wouldn't shut up!"

"Damn teenagers," Ron said rolling his eyes. "Hey Harry, where's Lily?"

"I was just about to ask you the same thing," Harry said looking around the Great Hall for a trace of his mother.

"Is that her?" Lavender said pointing to a red headed girl walking into the Great Hall.

"No," Ron said looking at her. "That would be my sister."

"Oh," Lavender said. "Well, you really can't blame me. I mean they look very similar."

"No, they don't," Harry said looking at Lavender and then at Ron. "What?"

"Ironic," Ron said shaking his head.

"What is?" Harry asked, all though he had a slight feeling he knew where Ron was going with this.

"Well," Ron said leaning back so that Hermione was blocking what he was saying. "Just a little funny that my sister happens to resemble your mum, and you happen to be the exact replica of your dad…"

"I knew it!" Harry said leaning forward. "I knew that's what you were going to say. And I'm not the exact replica…"

"Yes you are," Ron and Hermione said in unison. "If your mum couldn't tell you apart…" Ron whispered very quietly, "then that's saying something."

"Hi," Ginny said suddenly.

"Hey," Ron and Harry said grinning.

"So," Ginny said directing her smile at her brother. "I head you finally wised up and asked Hermione." Hermione blushed.

"Wised up?" Ron said laughing. "Like you knew…"

"I did!" Ginny said defending herself. "I mean I kept trying to tell you…"

"Sure…." Ron said nodding. Ginny scowled at him before sitting down.

"I really wonder where she is?" Harry said still searching the Great Hall.

"She's a big girl, Harry," Lavander said smiling as she pushed her hair behind her ear. "I mean really, the way you carry one about her I would think you fancied her." Ginny's started to push her porridge around in her bowl in a aggravated manner.

"Yeah really," Dean said nodding.

"I don't," Harry said glaring. "Trust me I don't."

"Sure," Seamus said throwing a smile at Lavender. "That's why you two are pretty much inseparable. I mean how much you want to bet that she was with you all last night."

"Well, so was Hermione," Harry said point to Hermione. "That doesn't mean that I fancy her."

"Yeah, but Weasley does," Neville said. The other all nodded, while Ron turned pink and Hermione pretended to be extremely fascinated by a crack in the table.

"I mean it's really nothing to be ashamed of," Lavender said. "She's quite pretty. Almost the prettiest girl in Gryffindor."

"Almost?" Ron asked.

"Well," Lavender said flipping her hair. "I mean who can really judge whose the prettiest anyway."

"Ok," Harry said standing up. "This conversation is over. I'm going to go…"

"And find Lily?" Seamus said interrupting.

"To class," Harry said looking Seamus directly in his eyes, but as he did that he noticed a figure approach out of the corner of his eye. It was Lily

"Hi," she said smiling as she came stood right next to Harry. Ginny glared at her.

"Hey," Ron said. "Where have you been?"

"I walked around a bit," Lily said shrugging. "I wanted to see what Hogwarts was like nowadays."

"By yourself?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah," Lily said. "I needed a little time to myself."

"I thought you were going to class, Harry?" Seamus asked looking at Harry.

"I am," Harry said looking at Ron, Hermione, and Lily.

"I'll come with you," Lily said. Seamus, Lavender, Dean, and Neville all exchanged looks.

"Don't say it," Harry said annoyed as he turned to leave.

"God forbid, the 'boy who lived' showed some weakness," Lavender mumbled.

"The what?" Lily asked. Harry just shook his head and walked away. Lily followed, and surprisingly enough, so did Neville.

"Stupid," Harry said as they walked through the corridor. "Some girls are so petty."

"Well," Lily said smiling. "From what I've gotten off Lavender, she not exactly the sharpest quill…"

"She's dense," Harry said cutting her off. "She's got Seamus all wrapped around her little finger. He's completely superficial anyway though."

"I can tell," Lily said smiling.

Harry suddenly noticed that Neville was standing there. "Yes?"

"You're going to class?" Neville asked.

"Yes," Harry said aggravated.

"Well," Neville said shrugging. "Thought I'd come with you."

"Whatever," Harry said shrugging as he continued to walk.

"Hey Harry," Lily said quickening her pace to keep up with him. "Where'd you get your nickname from?"

"What nickname?" Harry asked.

"Whatever it was Lavender said," Lily said pointing back into the direction of the Great Hall.

Harry looked at Neville. "What'd Lavender call me?"

"I don't know," Neville said. "I didn't hear anything other than the usual comments she makes about you."

"Well," Harry said turning to Lily, "jerk isn't exactly my nickname…"

"Not that," Lily said smiling. "I meant the other one. I've heard a few people call you it…the boy who lived?"

"Oh," Harry said awkwardly. "That…"

"You're joking…" Neville said smiling. "Everyone in the entire wizarding world knows how he got that name!"

"Oh," Lily said a little embarrassed. "Well, I spend a lot of time in the muggle world…"

"It's ok," Harry said as he grabbed Lily's sleeve. "It's really not worth telling. Come on."

"Oh come on Harry," Lily said laughing and turning towards Neville. "Is it embarrassing?"

"No," Neville said watching Harry skeptically. "I mean it's history…"

"It's really nothing," Harry said tugging harder at Lily's sleeve.

"Harry never talks about it," Neville said. "I guess when everyone calls you that, it gets old."

"Neville," Harry said sounding annoyed and worried. "Neville, please…"

"Oh come on," Lily said. "Let's here it!"

"No…" Harry said shaking his head. "No…"

"It's because he's the sole reason that You -Know-Who disappeared in the first place," Neville said. Harry's eyes widened.

"What?" Lily said as the smile disappeared from her face. She turned to Harry. "You defeated You-Know-Who?"

"I didn't defeat anyone," Harry said.

"So modest," Neville said grinning.

"Is he not still luring around out there!?" Harry yelled.

"He was only a baby too…" Neville said turning to Lily. "You-Know-Who came to his house…"

"NEVILLE!" Harry screamed.

"Harry!" Neville said. "Its not like she couldn't just go and read it in a book!"

"It doesn't matter!" Harry said. "It doesn't need to be told…!"

"Wait," Neville said slowly. "I know why you don't want to talk about it…"

"No, you don't," Harry said seriously.

"It's because of your parents…" Neville said solemnly. "Sorry Harry. I mean I know how it is. I do. It's just that I always forget that part of the story. I mean it's always so impressive that you defeated He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, that I always over look the part where…"

"I didn't defeat him," Harry said again.

"Sorry," Neville said rubbing his hands together awkwardly. "I'm going to go to class…" He stepped around Harry and Lily and began to head up the stairs.

"I swear…" Harry said watching Neville leave. "He didn't used to be like this…" He turned to look at Lily who was staring straight at him. She hadn't taken her eyes off him.

"You ok?" Harry asked concerned.

"The part of the story…" she said quietly. "The part that makes you upset…" She paused. Harry thought he saw tears welling up in her eyes.

"Lily, it's not…" he began.

"He killed James," she said sniffling. "Voldemort killed James…"

Harry's heart sank. He didn't know how to answer her. He didn't want to lie, but he couldn't tell the truth. I mean she was not a stupid girl. She would have figured it out eventually. What could he do or say…?

Lily crouched down close to the ground and buried her face in her hands. Harry just watched as she quietly began to sob. He bent down and put a comforting arm around her. He still didn't have the slightest clue as to what he was going to say to her when she when she stopped crying.

"Hey," Ron said as he and Hermione suddenly appeared behind Harry. "What's going on?"

Harry looked up sympathetically at them, and just continued to comfort Lily. "She found out…"

"What?" Hermione said shocked as Ron's eyes just widened in a complete look of shock.

"About…" Harry began, as he looked at Lily and then back at his friends. He mouthed, "my dad."

"Oh…" Hermione said bending down to be eye level with her. "Oh Lily, are you all right…?"

"Why…" she said looking up. Her eyes were swollen and her face was red. "Why?"

"I ask myself that everyday," Harry said standing up and looking down at her.

"But Voldemort…" Lily said as her voice broke. Ron cringed at the mere mention of the name. "I mean… I knew he was killed, but I never thought that it was by Voldemort…never in my wildest dreams would I ever have thought that James…James Potter would have

gone off and gotten himself killed by one the most powerful wizards to ever live."

"He wasn't exactly looking for it," Ron said. "You-Know-Who came to his house looking for him…"

"They used to joke all the time," Lily said through her tears. "All of him and his friends. They used to joke that the four of them would take him on and defeat him…"

"Well," Ron said, "At least his son did…"

"Ron," Harry said casting him a look. "Lily, look…my father was killed trying to protect his family. As much as I wish he was here to be with me, he's a hero. He'll live forever in people's hearts and minds."

"That was beautiful Harry," Hermione said resting a comforting hand on his shoulder. Harry smiled at her and then looked down at Lily. She was staring straight up at him.

"I know," Lily said. "Its just this is all so…horrible. I mean I'm seeing all my friends…and they're all old enough to be my parents, and the one that I really would like more than anything to see…is dead. Killed by Voldemort like I was always so afraid of."

"Afraid of?" Ron asked. "You actually suspected that this might happen?"

"Always," Lily said straightening up. "James wanted to become and Auror so bad….and of course if he went though with it, he would have put his life in peril on a daily basis. That thought must have crossed my mind at least a hundred times. I mean I remember the day he told his parents that that was what he was going into."

"What'd his parents say?" Harry asked.

"They were of course against it…" Lily said as she calmed down a bit and stood up straight. "I mean have you ever asked your grandparents about their feelings towards that sort of thing?"

"Ummm…" Harry said awkwardly. He really didn't know how to answer that question since he had never met his grandparents. "No, I haven't…"

"Well," Lily said looking towards the ground. "I remember that day like it was yesterday…"

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"James, sweetie?" came the voice of an older woman.

"Are you going to answer her?" Lily asked. She was laying down on her side next to James on his bed. He was laying on his back staring straight up at the ceiling with and icepack over his eye.

"No," James mumbled.

"James," Lily said slowly. "You're going to have to tell them sometime. They're going to have to see your eye…"

"It'll heal.." James said as he took the ice off his eye.

"That'll take days," Lily said. "Your father could fix it with the flick of his wand…"

"Well, then I would have to tell him where I got it from," James said as he looked at her. She just smiled as she looked at the swollen bruise.

"What about your glasses?" Lily said sitting up and reaching over to pick up his glasses that were broken into two halves.

"I could fix them," James said looking up slightly. "If you would just let me…"

"No," Lily said clutching them tightly. "You're underage, and you know you're not allowed…"

"Well then," he said shrugging. "I'm just going to lock myself away in here for the rest of the summer."

"You won't be able to see much…" Lily said laughing.

"Oh well…" James said as he plopped the ice pack back on his face.

"You need to talk to Sirius…" Lily said seriously. "I mean he's your best friend…"

"Best friends don't punch each other in the face," James said aggravated. "He can come apologize to me…"

"I'll talk to him then," Lily said. "I'm not going to let you two fight. You are far too close…"

"I don't feel like talking about him right now," James said leaning close to Lily. "Let's do something else."

"Like what?" Lily asked. James just smiled as he leaned in and kissed her. There was a sudden knock at the door.

"James?" came the same voice as before. "Are you in there?"

"So close…" James said laying back down frustrated. "Yes mum?"

The door opened and in came James' mother. She had dark hair and dark eyes, and was very short and skinny. "James, what's this I hear from Meredith?"

"Well if it's about how her son went and tried to beat the bloody pulp out of my face, then it's all true." James said as he took the pack off to show her his eye.

"Oh honey," she said as she went to look at his eye. "You gave Sirius quite a bloody nose."

"Good," James said grumpily. Lily just rolled her eyes.

"You two need to sort this out," she continued.

"Whatever," James said.

"Maybe you can talk some sense into him," James' mum said looking at Lily. "You and Sirius are the only two people he'll listen too."

"That's not true," James said making a face.

"Isn't it though?" His mum said looking at him. "I bet if Lily asked you to reconsider your plans for the future, you would."

"No one can change my mind about that…" James said. "I want to an Auror…"

"Sweetheart," she said as she began to pick up some of the things that were lying around his room. "You say that now, but you still have two more years left at school. You have the marks to do anything you desire. I mean if you really wanted to, you may be Minister of Magic…"

"Who would ever want that," James said. "That's probably the last thing I'd ever want…"

"James, it doesn't matter," she continued. "All I'm saying is that you may reconsider…"

"I don't see why you wouldn't want me to be one," James said watching his mum with his good eye. "I mean they make fantastic money…"

"James," his mother said half laughing. "The last thing you'll ever have to worry about is money…"

"I want to make my own living," James said sitting up. "I don't want to be completely dependant on my inheritance."

"I know dear," she said sighing. "All I'm saying is that you could do anything. You'll always be well off. I mean you can go and own a Quidditch shop if you'd like."

"That's plan C," James said grinning.

His mother rolled her eyes. "Well, what's plan B then?"

"To play Quidditch for England," Lily said grinning.

"Yes it is," James said smiling widely. "See mum, if I get an offer to play for England, then you won't have to worry about me becoming and Auror."

"Let's hope you get an offer then," his mother said.

"Hello," said a strong male voice. "What's going on in here?" It was James' father. He was very tall and burly, with dark hair and dark eyes. "James what happened?"

"With what?" James asked confused.

"Sirius and him got in a fight," Lily said.

"Honey," James mother began. "Will you tell your son to be the bigger man and go and talk to Sirius?"

"Oh boys will be boys," his father said laughing. He pulled out his wand and pointed at a nearby empty bowl. He mumbled some incantation and the bowl suddenly filled with a purple liquid. He then went and picked up James' glasses, quickly muttered oculus repario, and fixed them.

"Take this," his father said handing him the bowl, his glasses, and a towel. "Apply it to your eye and the swelling and bruise should be gone within the hour."

"Told you," Lily said playfully elbowing James.

"Yeah, yeah," James said reaching over to the bowl.

"Why don't you go into medicine like your father?" James mother asked as she watched him apply the towel to his face.

"Because I'm going to be an Auror," James repeated. "I'm going to be an Auror, and I'm going to and catch a whole load of death eaters,

and I'm going to eventually take on You-Know-Who in a wizarding duel and in the end be victorious…"

"James," his father said sternly. "What did I tell you about that. You need to more realistic…"

"What's not realistic about that?!" James said more annoyed. "Why can't I be an Auror?"

"You far too bright," his father said.

"What does that have to do with anything?" James said loudly. Lily suddenly started to feel very uneasy.

"You will not raise your voice to me young man," his father said sternly. The usual sweet and jovial man suddenly looked very fierce.

"Fine," James said.

"Be down for dinner in a half hour," his father said before he turned and walked out of the room.

"James you know how he feels about that," his mother said shaking her head. "He's had too many friends killed by death eaters. He's seen too many Aurors brought into St. Mungo's with horrid injuries. The last thing he would ever be able to handle is to see you in that position. His own son. He'd kill himself."

"Whatever," James said only half listening.

"A half an hour," she said. "I'll see you both."

"All right," Lily said nodding. James didn't answer.

"Sorry," he mumbled to Lily. "I just don't see why they won't let me pursue my dreams."

"They care about you," Lily said as she rubbed his shoulder. "I mean I can't exactly say that I'm thrilled that that's what you want to do…"

"Oh not you too," James said glancing at her. "Right now my best friend hates me and my parents are ready to ship me off to Bulgaria. I can't afford to have my girlfriend working against me too…"

"I'm not against you," Lily said. "I'm just trying to help you realize where your parents are coming from."

"Yeah ok," he said smiling. "Hey, we've got a half hour."

"We do don't we," Lily said grinning playfully.

"So…" James said . "What do you want to do?"

"What do you want to do?" Lily said very slowly.

"Well," James said. "I have a few things in mind, but it's really up to you…"

"I'm going to and talk to Sirius," Lily said standing up and walking over to the door.

"Ok, that was way off where I was going with this," James said sitting up.

"I'll be back," Lily said as she kissed him quickly and turned to leave.

"I can't win," James said plopping back down and putting the towel back on his face.

****

"So he always wanted to become and Auror," Ron said looking around the corridor. More people were starting to emerge from the Great Hall.

"Yes," Lily said as she wiped her eyes on her sleeve. "I'm guessing he did too…" Harry just smiled, still unsure of what to tell her. He realized that there was a lot he didn't have to worry about telling her because there was still so much that he didn't know.

"You two really did get along well," Hermione said smiling as they all slowly began to walk to class.

"Yes," Lily said smiling finally. She tended to smiled the widest when she thought about James. "James and I have always gotten along really well. Well, wait that's not true…"

"It's not?" Harry asked.

"No," Lily said shaking her head. "In our fourth year, him and I got into a huge shouting match in the middle of the common room."

"What happened?" Harry asked as they walked into Potions ten minutes early. Snape was no where to be seen.

"Ok," Lily said. "You see we had always been friends. I mean not best friends or anything, just always known each other and talked in class and what not. Now, before your dad and I started dating he was a bit of a…womanizer."

"Womanizer?" Harry said laughing. "My dad?"

"You have no idea," Lily said laughing. "Sirius and him both. Remus wasn't as bad, and Peter was hardly ever a threat."

"Well," Ron said laughing. "Looks like Harry fell far from that tree…"

"Sod off," Harry said. "So what did you all fight about?"

"You want to hear another story?" Lily asked. "I don't want to bore you with all my little stories…"

"No," Harry said smiling. "We have time. I love to hear stories about my dad."

"All right," Lily said smiling warmly. "Well this isn't exactly my favorite memory if James, but it's definitely memorable…"

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"He's such a scumbag," Emily Darbur said from her bed, which was right next to Lily's.

Lily looked up from Charms book. "Who?"

"Sirius," Emily said. "Did you hear what he said about that Hufflepuff girl."

"Black?" Lily asked.

"How many Sirius' do you know?" Emily said as she plopped down on her bed.

"I don't know," Lily said shaking her head. "What did he do?"

"You know Liz Abbott?" Emily asked. "She's a Hufflepuff third year."

"I knew her older brother," Lily said as she flipped through her book. "He graduated last year."

"Yes," Emily said nodding. "Marcus' little sister. Anyway, she's always fancied Sirius. Always. Of course this is nothing new for him. He gets it all time."

"No kidding," Lily said laughing. "I don't really get it either. I mean he's cute, but with a reputation like his, I don't see how anyone could touch him."

"Tell me about it," Emily said continuing. "Anyway, Potter told him about her feelings for him so he asked her out."

"How sweet," Lily said. "Where the point?"

"Well, today in Arithmancy," Emily said. "Did you see how him and Remus were whispering to each other?"

"They always do that," Lily said. She wondered if Emily actually had a point to this story.

"Well," Emily said. "I heard him telling Remus that he figured, and I quote, that 'I only have a few more days until I get what I want out of her, then I can get rid of her.'"

"He did not say that?" Lily said as her mouth dropped. "What a jerk!"

"I know really," Emily said standing up. "I couldn't believe it. Hey, you want to go down for dinner?"

Lily checked her watch. "Yes, lets go." They both got up and walked out of their dorm room and down into the common room. As they walked towards the portrait hole they heard voices. Lily turned to see James and Sirius sitting and playing a game of chess.

"Going to dinner?" James asked as the two girls walked past.

"Yes," Emily said nodding. "Are you?"

"Soon enough," Sirius said smiling. She had never particularly disliked Sirius, but after hearing what she just had, she wanted more than anything to wipe that silly grin off his face.

"All right then," Lily said turning to leave. "Suit yourself."

"I have to wait," Sirius said standing up. Several people were appearing in the common room to leave for the Great Hall.

"Why's that?" Emily asked. "Have to wait for your fan club to be there to cheer on your entrance?"

"Cute," Sirius said smiling dryly at Emily. "But no, just one member…"

"One member?" Lily asked with her eyebrow raised.

"Yeah," James said as he pushed his hands in his pockets. "He's waiting for his girlfriend, she's always late."

"Yeah, what he said," Sirius said looking at James. "But like yours isn't?" James just shrugged.

"Oh you mean the one you're just waiting a little longer to get some out of?" Emily said acidly.

"What?" Sirius said somewhat shocked. "Pardon me?"

"I heard you in Arithmancy," Emily said. "I heard what you said to Remus."

"Well aren't you special," Sirius said casting a look at James.

"Come off it Sirius," Lily said. "That's really rotten."

"What are you talking about?" Sirius said defensively. "You two really need to mind your own damn business." He turned to step around them.

"You're such a jerk!" Lily blurted out. She didn't know where it came form, this wasn't like her at all. She was so angry that Sirius would do that to someone though. The sight of him was making her angry.

Sirius just stared her up and down. Lily was actually afraid of what he was going to do or say to her.

"Whatever," Sirius said shaking. "God forbid I upset the prime and proper ice queens…"

"Shut up, Sirius," James muttered so quietly that no one but Sirius could actually hear him.

"You bastard!" Lily said to Sirius. "Don't you dare ever attempt to try and call me anything!"

"I'll do what I want!" Sirius said loudly. Most of the common room was watching now. "If I want to call you an ice queen I will!"

"Sirius shut up," James said again very quietly.

"And you…" Lily said turning towards James. "You think you can just stand there an whisper little insult for him to use…."

"What?" James said.

"You're not any better than him!" Lily said, her face turning red. "I mean just because it's not you this time using some poor girl, doesn't mean that it hasn't been or that it won't be you soon enough…"

"Wait a minute," James said. "I didn't say anything…"

"I'm sick of your crap Potter!" Lily blurted out. "You and Black's crap! You both treat girls as objects and I'm not going to stand for it!"

"So?" James said angrily. "Who cares what you think!? Your opinion means nothing to me or to him. So why don't you just go and mind your own damn business. Crawl into your little hole and go read a book and try to become the best little witch you can be, because apparently cleverness is the only good quality you've got going for you!"

Lily stood in her spot. Too shocked to move. She blinked a few times before turning and walking straight out of the portrait hole.

"Way to go, jerk," Emily said as she turned and followed her.

"That went well…" Sirius said half grinning. "You may have come off a bit too strong there though, mate."

"Sod off!" James said angrily as he stormed off into the direction of his dorm.

****

"So what happened?" Hermione asked.

"Well," Lily said grinning. "I found out that he was actually trying to defend me. Sirius said it was because he had always fancied me. He just got angry that I would say that about him. The bad side came out in both of us. We eventually smoothed things over. Needless to say…"

"That's so cute," Hermione said distantly.

"Reminds me of you and Ron," Harry said rolling his eyes.

"Shut up," Ron and Hermione both mumbled.

"Well, well," said a very cold voice. "Isn't that cute…recalling the memories of your childhood Lily?" It was Snape.

"Yes," Lily said very forced.

"You and Potter…" Snape said very quietly as he cast a look at Harry. "You two were quite the perfect couple. I'm assuming you know what happened to him?"

"Yes," Lily said again forcing her words out.

"Pity," he said sighing. "Such a bright boy. However, what he had in brains he lacked in common scene." Lily and Harry both just scowled.

"Do you deny it?" Snape continued. "I mean if he had any he wouldn't have gone and gotten himself killed…"

"Shut up!" Lily said standing up and throwing her chair back. "You're a horrible person! You were a horrible child and now you're a horrible man!"

"At least I lived long enough to become one," Snape said evilly.

"You stupid prat!" Harry said jumping up.

"Ten points from Gryffindor," Snape said smiling.

"I don't care!" Harry said. "I'm sick of you degrading my father!!"

"You don't care?" Snape asked with a raised eyebrow. The rest of the class was looking on confused. "Well, maybe you'll care about this…" He walked over to a nearby cabinet and pulled a small beaker. "You're potion. It's finished…"

"Is it?" Hermione said shocked.

"Well…" Snape said as he held it up above his head. "It was…used the last bit of Grut's root that one my find this side of the country. Very rare and very difficult to acquire. But, Mr. Potter doesn't seem to care…

"You wouldn't," Harry said shocked.

" So neither do I…" Snape said, and with that he dropped the glass beaker and Harry could only watch as the potion fell to the ground.

The beaker feel to the ground with a loud crash as the glass shattered and the potion sprayed on a nearby table. Harry, Lily, Ron and Hermione all stared gawk jawed at the spot where it had landed.

"Now," Snape said turning to face the rest of the class, which looked genuinely confused. "The process in which an engorging potion may be concocted…" He was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a loud crash. Everyone looked to see that Harry had flipped his chair and stormed out of class. Lily and Ron followed suit, and Hermione stood blankly glancing from Professor Snape to the door. She grabbed her bag and walked for the door.

"Mr. Malfoy?" Snape said casting a glance in the direction of Draco.

"Yes sir?" Draco said sitting up straight.

"If you please go and find Professor McGonagall," he said coolly. "I believe I need to speak to her about some disruptive students…"

"Yes sir…" Draco said smiling evilly.

******

"I don't think it was your potion," Hermione said as she watched Lily pace around their dorm room.

"I hate him," Lily said very angrily. "I really hate him."

"We all do," Hermione said shrugging. "I'm almost positive that it wasn't your potion though. I mean Dumbledore would have him severely reprimanded…"

"He needs to get a swift kick in the…" Lily began to say before she was suddenly interrupted by Lavender and Parvati entering the room.

"Hey you two," Lavender said smiling as she sauntered over to her bed. "You'll never believe what Seamus just did for me…"

"No one cares that he transfigured a fork in a flower…" Parvati said as she too sat on her bed. "I mean you've told anyone that will listen."

"Well," Lavender said shooting her a look. "Some of us have people in our lives that will do sweet things for us…"

"Anyway…" Parvati said turning towards Lily. "What was all that about in potions today?"

"Nothing," Hermione said shifting uneasily. "Hey what exactly did we do in potions today? You know I'm studying for my N.E.W.T's and I would really hate to not know exactly…"

"Give it a rest Hermione," Lavender said flipping her hair.

Hermione looked her up and down. "At least I have other things to talk about besides Seamus."

"And why would you be talking about Seamus?" Lavender said very defensively.

"Oh never mind," Hermione said rolling her eyes. "Lily, do you want to go down to the common room?"

"Yeah," Lily said distantly. "I need to talk to Harry…"

"Oh do you?" Lavender said smiling. She glanced at Parvati who just smiled back.

"Yes," Lily said unaware of where Lavender might be taking this.

"Well," Lavender said, "that's really cute. I mean I really thought that he and Ginny Weasley were becoming an item, but…"

"Lavender not now," Hermione said as she stood up and walked towards the door. "Come on Lily." The two girls walked down into the common room right as Harry was walking in.

"Hey," Lily said as Harry threw down his broom. "How was Quidditch practice?"

"Great," Harry said smiling widely. "Sirius came to watch…"

"He did?" Hermione asked somewhat shocked.

"Well," Harry said smiling slyly at her. "He did in one from or another…He's coming by tonight. He and Remus both. To say goodbye."

"They're leaving?" Hermione asked.

"They have too," Harry said. "They need to get back to work."

"Have you spoken to Dumbledore?" Lily asked somewhat edgy. "I mean I know you were set on talking to him."

"Oh," Harry said. His face fell as if he suddenly reminded. "No, I haven't gotten around to talking to him yet."

"Oh," Lily said disappointed. For the first time, Harry noticed that Lily wanted nothing more than to go back to her own time.

"Don't worry," Harry said smiling. "We'll get you home. I promise."

Lily smiled meekly. "Thanks Harry," she said as she walked over and hugged him. "You've…you all have been absolutely wonderful to me. I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't met you."

"Well," Harry said stuffing his hands in his pockets. "If it means anything, I think this meeting has meant more to me than it has to you…"

"I doubt that somehow," Lily said grinning. "I mean all you've gotten out of meeting me was a few stories about your dad that you could

have asked anyone. Sirius could have told you lots more than I ever could."

"It's still too painful for him, I guess," Harry said looking down. "He doesn't talk about it much."

"Well," Lily said sighing. "I'll have to help him remember the good. The stuff that I remember."

Harry smiled. "I wouldn't worry about that potion. I really don't think it was the one intended for you. I think Snape was bluffing."

"I do too," Hermione said. "I think he was full of crap."

"Did you just insult a professor?" Harry asked half laughing.

"Maybe," Hermione said smiling slyly. "After all, you and Ron have had a terrible influence on me."

"Horrible," Harry said grinning. He turned to look at Lily who seemed to be lost in thought. "What's the matter Lily?"

"Oh nothing," she said distantly. "Just thinking about that potion."

"It wasn't yours," Hermione said defiantly. "I know it wasn't."

"I believe you," Lily said. "I'm just wondering why he would do that…"

"Drop it?" Harry asked. "Because he's a mad bugger!"

Lily laughed. "I know that. It's just…oh never mind. I really don't feel like talking about him right now."

"I never do," Harry said grinning. "I'm going to go upstairs and change. Stay right here though, because they said they'd be coming by any minute."

"All right," Hermione said sitting down. "Hey, wake Ron up if he's asleep."

"I think he'd like it more if you woke him up," Harry said as he headed of in the direction of his dorm. He walked up the stairs to find all of his roommates still awake. Dean sat upon his bed reading a book on soccer for the 50,000th time, all the while ignoring the story that Seamus was obvious trying to tell him. Neville, however, sat paying very close attention to whatever Seamus was saying. Harry glanced over to see Ron lying on his bed reading the Daily Prophet.

"So anyway," Seamus said. "The way that you would obviously have to go about that would be…"

"Hey Harry," Dean said cutting Seamus off mid sentence.

"Hey," Harry said throwing his stuff down.

Ron looked up from his paper. "Hey mate, how was practice? We stand a chance tomorrow?"

"I dunno," Harry said sighing. "I mean there are only two people on the team that have been playing for more than a year. This is a major rebuilding year for Gryffindor."

"Slytherian lost a few players too though," Neville added.

"Yeah," Harry said as he took out a clean white shirt. "They lost a few. They didn't loose five players…I mean its been rough. You really should have gone out for the team Ron."

"I wanted to!" Ron said. "You know I couldn't though because of what happened this summer…"

"I know," Harry said slowly remembering what had happened this summer when Ron and him had been playing Quidditch in his yard with all his brothers. Ron had been playing the keeper position, when suddenly his brother Fred sent a bludger right at him. He hadn't seen it and it collided with his back. He spent the rest of the summer in a wizards hospital, with no chance of recovering by the time Quidditch season started.

"Well, let's just hope it's not a massacre," Dean said. "I can see Draco Malfoy sitting smugly for the rest of the year…"

"Not if I have anything to say about it," Harry said smiling. "If anything I'll make sure to get the better of him."

"Well that's worth going down to watch if anything," Ron said grinning as he absently read the paper.

"Ron you want to go play chess in the common room?" Harry asked.

"Nah," Ron said lazily. "I'm kind of tired."

"Come on," Harry said trying to catch Ron's eye so that he could signal him.

"I'll play tomorrow…" Ron said as he flipped the page.

"Hermione asked me to get you to come downstairs," Harry said resorting to that.

"Watch him jump up now," Seamus whispered to Dean and Neville.

"I'm not going to jump up," Ron said putting the paper down. "I consider it more of a leap." He hopped up.

"I think that was more of a hop," Harry said as he threw on slippers.

"Definitely more of a hop," Dean said.

"Whatever," Ron said as he followed Harry out of the room. "I can't win…" They walked downstairs to see Lily and Hermione playing chess.

"Don't move that there," Ron said as he sat down next to Hermione.

"Why not," Hermione said ignoring him and moving the piece.

Lily moved her piece. "Check."

"That's why," Ron said giving her a look.

"That's why I get for not listening to the chess master," Hermione said as Harry set up the pieces.

"I just like that for once, you weren't right." Ron said grinning.

"Ron you really need to…" Hermione began.

"Shut up you two," Harry said. "I'm not in the mood for your arguing….I mean flirting." They both blushed scarlet as Harry watched as the last of the Gryffindors left the common room and walked up to their dorms.

"When's Sirius going to come?" Hermione asked.

"Remus is going to come to get us," Harry said as he noticed the confused look on Ron's face. "Then we're going to go and meet up with him and Sirius."

"Good," Hermione said. "For a second I thought you were going to tell me that Sirius was going to come here. Then anyone could see him and he could get into serious trouble."

"Hermione…." Harry said under his breath.

"Why would he get in trouble if someone saw him?" Lily asked.

"Oh," Hermione said realizing what she had just said. "Ummm…well…" She looked at Ron and Harry for help.

"There aren't suppose to be any visitors in the common room." Ron said suddenly. "Could jeopardize the safety of the students." Hermione breathed deeply.

"Oh," Lily said as her and Harry began to play chess. Harry shot Hermione a look, but she already seemed to be very disappointed with herself for her slip of tongue. Harry became distracted from this fact when he noticed that the portrait hole quickly swung open, and Remus Lupin stepped in.

"Remus!" Lily said very excitedly. Harry saw in her face again the yearning to go home. Sirius and Remus were the closest thing she had to home right now, even if they were in their mid-thirties.

"Lily," Remus said smiling widely. "Harry, Hermione, Ron…"

"Hi," the three Gryffindors all said in mixed unison. "How are you?"

"Good…" Remus said smiling. "Dreading the fact that we have to leave. Why don't you four all follow me?"

"Are we going to Dumbledore's office?" Lily asked as they all exited the portrait hole.

"It's really the only safe place in the building," Remus said as he led the way to Dumbledore's office.

"Milky way," Remus said as they approached the stone gargoyle.

"What's a milky way?" Ron asked as they climbed the stairs.

"It's a galaxy," Hermione began in her textbook manner. "In which the planets of our solar system reside…"

"Actually," Remus said cutter her off. "It's a muggle chocolate bar that Professor Dumbledore took at liking of."

Ron smiled at Hermione. "Not your night, huh?"

"Shut up," Hermione said as they walked into the round circular office. Dumbledore and Sirius were laughing over something that one of them had just said.

"Good evening," Dumbledore said turning to face the young students.

"Evening," Lily said as she smiled widely at Sirius. He beamed back.

"Well I'll let you all get to your goodbyes," Dumbledore said. "I believe you two gentleman really need to be on your way?"

"Yes," Sirius said nodding. "We won't keep them long." Dumbledore nodded and walked into his small adjoining office.

"I can't believe that you both are leaving so soon," Hermione said as she sat down. "You just got here."

"I know," Sirius said. "I hate to go," he glanced at Lily. "But we must."

"I understand," Lily said solemnly. "It was wonderful to get the chance to see you both."

"You have no idea how wonderful it was for us to see you again, Lily," Remus said slowly.

"No idea at all…" Sirius said very distantly. "Ron, Hermione?"

They two of them both looked up at him. "Yes?" Hermione asked.

"You two take care of yourselves," Sirius said as he walked over and hugged them both. "And keep up the great job of looking after Harry. I'm so glad he has friends like you…"

"We will," Ron said as he turned to Remus. "You both take care as well…"

"We will," Remus said as he too hugged them all goodbye. "Harry?"

"I'll be careful," Harry said looking from Remus to Sirius. "I promise I won't go looking for trouble."

"Well.." Sirius said looking at Remus. "That's wonderful to know, but I was going to tell you to make sure that you beat the bloody pulp out of Slytherian tomorrow."

Harry laughed. "I think me staying out of trouble is easier than that…" He walked over and hugged Remus and then turned towards his godfather. "Please stay safe…"

"I'll try Harry," Sirius said smiling warmly at him.

"Can you do any better than that?" Harry asked.

"Ok," Sirius said. "I will stay safe…." Harry smiled.

Sirius turned to face Lily. "Lily Evans…"

"Sirius Black…" she said smiling back.

"I don't know what to say to this…" he said. "I mean I know I'll never see you like this again. This is so much more than just goodbye."

"Oh Sirius," Lily said slowly. "You always were the one to make goodbyes so dramatic and sentimental…"

"Sorry," he said shrugging.

"And Remus," she said turning towards Remus. "You were always the one to avoid goodbyes…"

"I still do…" Remus said. "I like to refer to it as see you later…"

"Except you won't see me later," Lily said smiling.

"I know," Remus said very sadly. "Trust me…I know."

Lily walked over to hug Remus. She turned to Sirius who seemed to be shifting very uneasily. "Goodbye Sirius…all though soon enough I'll be seeing the both of you again. Much younger of course, but it will be you." Sirius smiled very sadly as tears welled up slowly in his eyes.

"Come on Sirius," Remus said putting a reassuring hand on his friends shoulder. "We need to be in Manchester soon…"

"I know," Sirius said not taking his eyes off Lily. "Well, I guess this is good bye all…"

"Bye," they all said in mixed unison.

"Have a safe trip," Hermione added.

"We will," Remus said. As hard as he was trying not to show emotion, Harry swore he heard Remus sniffle. The two men headed towards the door and almost as if on cue, they both turned and looked at Lily who was smiling widely.

"Sirius?" Lily said suddenly.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Will you do me a favor?" Lily asked. "You too Remus?"

"What's that?" Remus asked.

"Tell Harry stories about James," she said slowly. "I know it must be painfil to think about, but there were so many good times…."

"For you?" Sirius said. "I promise we will tell him about his mum and dad."

"Good." Lily said smiling.

"Bye," they both said as they slowly walked out of the room. The room was very quiet, until a sniffle from Hermione broke the silence.

"We'd better get back," Harry said to the others. "I need to get some sleep if I even want to stand a chance against Slytherian."

"Right," Lily said. "Wait!"

"What?" Harry asked tuning towards her.

"The potion…" she said. "Shouldn't we asked Dumbledore while we're here?"

"Good idea," Hermione said walking over to the office he had enter. She knocked and several moments later he came to the door.

"Yes?" Dumbledore asked pleasantly.

"Well, Professor," Harry asked. "You see we just need to ask you about something that happened in potions today…"

"Yes," Dumbledore said. "I heard that the four of you left in the middle of your lesson?"

"Yes," Ron said slowly. "But we had really good reason..!"

"Maybe so," Dumbledore said. "Still however, I can't justify leaving a lesson. That's something we'll deal with later though. Is that all?"

"No," Lily said. "You see there was this potion that Snape said was my potion. Then he dropped it on the ground and it broke and spilled everywhere…"

"What?" Dumbledore asked slightly shocked. "Well I haven't heard anything about this. I'll have to speak to Professor Snape first thing tomorrow morning." He paused as if lost in thought. "I can't think of any reason he would do that unless for some reason he doesn't want you going back to your own time. In any case, I will get this all sorted out by morning. Is that all?"

"Yes," Harry said nodding.

"All right then," Dumbledore said. "Have a good night." With that he shut the door. The four of them turned and walked out of the office and down into the corridor.

"Well that was interesting," Hermione said. For once she seemed unaware of what to say.

"Yes," Lily said. "Definitely…but see Harry? I told you I'd get Sirius and Remus to tell you more stories about your dad."

"Yeah," Harry said laughing. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," she said. "Hey can I asked you a quick question though?"

Harry's stomach leapt. He hated when she asked him that. "Umm…what?"

"Well," Lily said uneasily. "I really have tried to avoid asking you this…but my curiosity has got the better of me…"

Harry looked at Hermione and Ron who both stopped in their tracks. "What's that?"

"Well," Lily said as she glance from one uneasy face to the next. "I was just curious about…" She paused. "Well…"

"What is it?" Ron asked.

Lily breathed very deeply. She seemed to have a hard time asking this question. "Well…I just wanted to know….what was your mum's name?"

Harry, Ron, and Hermione's eyes all widened. "Wha…what?" Harry asked shakily.

"Your mum," Lily said. "I haven't wanted to ask you because I wasn't sure I wanted to know about who James ended up with. Plus, I didn't want to hear it and then realize that I knew her and then have to suffer the loss of two friends of mine…"

"Umm…" Harry said very uncomfortably. "My mum…"

"His mum…" Ron said very unsure. "She was…ummm…"

"She was…" Hermione said searching her brain for something clever to say.

"Oh Potter," said a menacing voice suddenly. "Don't tell me you've actually gone and forgotten your own mother's name…."

"Malfoy!" Harry said turning to see Draco emerging from behind a corner. "What are you doing here?"

"Could ask you the same question…" Draco said very sinisterly. "But apparently you have a more important question to answer first." He smiled evilly, and Harry suddenly feared the worst. That Draco somehow found out about who Lily really was.

"Sod off," Ron said.

"Shut up weasel…" Malfoy said. "I'm waiting to see why Potter's taking so long to answer. I mean if you need help thinking of her name I can surely help you. We all know it, and I for one have no problem telling her…"

"Malfoy," Harry stammered very carefully. "You really don't know what you're getting yourself into here."

"Don't I though?" Malfoy asked with fake skepticism. "I mean, it really isn't that hard of a question there Potter."

"Malfoy," Hermione said stepping in front of Harry. "If you were to…go there…you would be punished so severely…."

"By who?" Malfoy said menacingly. "I mean as long as your mud blood hands don't touch me…"

"Take that back…" Ron mumbled very fiercely as he balled his hands up tightly. Harry, Hermione, and Lily all looked at Ron slightly surprised.

"Did you say something Weasel?" Malfoy asked glancing at Ron.

"Yeah," Ron said stepping up to Malfoy. An unusual air of bravery and confidence was about him. "I said take that back…"

"And if I don't?" Malfoy asked half laughing.

"Then I will be forced to beat the bloody pulp out of your face," Ron said very straight faced. "No wands, no magic, just my fists and your face."

"Ron…" Hermione mumbled. Her cheeks were a shade pinker than usual.

"So take it back," Ron interrupted. "Or else…." He raised his fist.

"You don't have the balls," Malfoy said.

"Try me you little prat…" Ron said in a voice that even shocked Harry.

Draco stood there for a moment with his mouth open as if he was trying to think of something to say. He glanced at all the faces quickly before beginning to speak. "Well, if that's the case…"

"WHAT ON EARTH!?" said a stern female voice from behind them. It was Professor McGonagall. She was dressed in a robe and slippers, and had a hairnet over her head.

"We were just headed back from Professor Dumbledore's office," Hermione said sharply. "We swear! You can ask him…"

"I'm well aware of your whereabouts Miss Granger," McGonagall. "Why you are still her however…and Mr. Malfoy, you are out of bed because?"

"Ummm…" Draco said turning a shade paler than usual. Harry didn't think that that was actually possible.

"He wasn't with us," Ron said slowly, the fierceness still in his voice. He hadn't taken his eyes off of Draco.

"Mr. Malfoy," McGonagall said. "I would ask that you please return to your common room. Fifty points will be taken from Slytherian."

"Fifty?!" Draco said shocked.

"Yes," McGonagall said. "I will remove more, from both houses, if you all don't start moving."

"Yes Professor," the all said as they started to head back to their dorms.

"Hey!" Draco shouted after the Gryffindors as they were walking. "Just look it up in the library if you want to know about his mum." Harry's heart sank. How was he going to fix this. He began to rack his brain with solutions when Lily suddenly interrupted him.

"What did he just yell?" Lily asked turning around to glance at Draco.

"I dunno…" Harry said abruptly.

"Didn't hear a thing," Hermione said shrugging.

"Couldn't tell you," Ron said as they all quicken their pace. Harry now realized one thing and one thing alone. He had to keep Lily as far away from Malfoy as he possible….

****

The next morning came quickly. Harry felt he had just shut his eyes when he was suddenly awakened at 9:00 by the sound of Dean singing some muggle song in the shower.

"Is someone killing a cat?" Ron said as he shoved his pillows against his ears.

"I would think that the sound of a dying cat would be a bit more pleasant than this," Seamus said as he too covered his ears. "Didn't we discuss this with him?"

"You discussed it with him," Ron said giving Seamus a look. "Right after you were telling him some Lavender story. I'm not surprised that he tuned you out!"

"What exactly is a smooth criminal?" Neville asked sitting up. "Someone who gets away with a crime?"

"What?" Ron asked.

"Listen…" Neville said pointing to the bathroom.

"You been hit by, you been struck by, a smoooooth criminal!!!" sang Dean's echoed voice.

"You can actually hear words out of that noise?" Ron said standing up. "I can't take it!" He walked over to the bathroom door and pushed it open. Steam poured out as Ron walked in.

"Dean! Who sings that song?!" Harry, Seamus, and Neville all heard Ron yell. Dean mumbled something that the others couldn't distinguish.

"Yeah?" Ron asked. "How about we keep it that way!" He walked back out into the bedroom.

"Is he shutting up?" Harry asked.

"He better," Ron said as he climbed back into bed. "Threw a bar of soap at me!"

"What times the match today?" Seamus asked turning to Harry.

"Noon," Harry said staring up at the ceiling. "Would have been nice to get in another hour of sleep though." As he said that, Dean emerged from the bathroom.

"Well," Ron said glancing at Dean. "You can thank choirboy himself for that…"

"You all just don't know good music," Dean said as he walked across the room to his dresser.

"Oh we do," Ron said grumpily. "And that wasn't it…"

"Oh please," Dean said facing Ron. "If you…"

"Enough!" Neville said. "I'm going back to sleep. I'm going to enjoy a lie in for once."

"Neville is skipping breakfast?" Seamus said. "Neville what exactly happened to you this summer?" Neville never answered though. He fell back asleep relatively fast.

"You going back to sleep?" Harry asked glancing over to Ron's bed.

"Don't know," Ron said as he stared up at the ceiling.

"I'm not," Harry said. He was quiet for a few moment before he propped himself up on his elbow. "Hey?"

"Yeah?" Ron said looking at him.

"What came over you last night?" Harry asked as a small grin came over his face.

"When?" Ron asked puzzled.

"With Malfoy," Harry said. "After he called Hermione a mud blood."

"Oh," Ron said meekly. "I don't know. I'm just sick of him always starting on her just because she's muggle born."

"Well I am as well," Harry said. "However, I've never seen you so angry."

"I guess," Ron said shrugging.

"Having feelings for someone will make you do stupid things I guess…," Harry said avoiding Ron's eyes while grinning widely. "I mean first it was with Fleur Delacour, and now it's Hermione…"

"Harry," Ron said interrupting him. "Stuff it…."

"Sensitive much?" Harry said standing up.

"How much longer do you think she's going to be here?" Ron asked casting a slightly worried look at Harry. "Things are starting to come out…"

"I know," Harry said as he breathed in deeply. "We just have to make sure that we keep Lily away from Draco and the library."

"That's the thing," Ron said sighing. "Now it's Draco and the library…soon it'll be Draco, the library, Snape, Neville, Hagrid, Hedwig….you name it."

"I know," Harry said as he started to put on his Quidditch uniform. "It's been a few days and we've done really well. It shouldn't be too many more…"

"But after last night…" Ron began.

"I realize this Ron," Harry said distantly as he pulled his shirt over his head. "I mean they're going to wipe her memory anyway…"

"Yeah," Ron said. "I guess you're right."

"Just as long as I get to talk to her before they do it," Harry said. "Just to say good bye, you know?" Ron just smiled.

"Anyway," Harry said sighing. "I really don't think it'll be too many more days…."

"Well," Ron said. "I hope so for your sake."

"Yeah…" Harry mumbled. "I'm going downstairs."

"I'll be down in a few minutes," Ron said turning to close the curtains on his bed.

"Sure…see you at the match," Harry said half laughing as he left his room and headed down into the common room.

"Hey Harry," said a female voice. It was Lily.

"Hey," Harry said. "Coming to the match later?"

"Of course," Lily said shrugging. "I never missed a match before. Then again that was because of…"

"My dad?" Harry said grinning.

"Yeah," Lily said blushing. "but I can't wait to see you out there."

"Well I can definitely say that I'm most excited to have you watch me. More than anyone else," Harry said beaming.

"Awww…Oh wait!" Lily said as if she remembered something. "I left something upstairs. I'll meet you in the dining hall?"

"Ok," Harry said turning to leave. Suddenly he heard a muffled cough. He turned around.

"Ginny?" Harry asked realizing that she was sitting only a few feet away.

"Harry…" Ginny said meekly as she stood up. She seemed very preoccupied. "Can we talk?."

"Ok," Harry said shrugging. He was completely oblivious to the seriousness in her voice. "What's up?"

"Well," Ginny said awkwardly. She was playing with her hands, and couldn't seem to stay still. "About the ball…"

"What about it?" Harry asked somewhat confused.

"I don't think I'm going to be able to go," Ginny said forcefully. It seems like she never wanted to say that.

"What?" Harry said shocked. "Wh…why?"

"I have my reasons," Ginny said as she avoided his eyes.

"Such as?" Harry asked.

"Found it!" Lily said smiling widely as she walked back over to Harry. "I thought I was meeting you in the dining hall?"

Ginny glared at Lily before turning to Harry. "I just do." Her voice was much more steady and hostile. "I'm sure you'll find someone else easily enough." With that she turned and walked out of the portrait hole.

"Something wrong?" Lily asked. She obviously noticed the different mood.

"I…I just got dumped," Harry stammered. He looked at Lily with a look of utmost astonishment.

"Oh," Lily said. "I'm sorry, Harry. What happened?"

"I don't know," Harry said rubbing his head. "This is the last thing I need before my match though…"

"I'm sure you'll sort this out," Lily said trying to be reassuring.

"Yeah…" Harry said distantly. "I mean I don't think I did anything?"

"You don't think?" Lily asked. "Oh that's never good…Come on, I'll help you figure something out…"

****

"The fact that you pummeled Malfoy made it all worth it!" Ron said laughing as he reenacted Malfoy's face right before Harry had rammed him so he fell off his broom.

"We still lost," Harry said sighing as he collapsed on his bed. He seemed to have a lot on his mind.

"Yeah," Ron said a little less excited. "It was still a great match. Your mum was really excited."

"Really?" Harry said grinning.

"Yeah," Ron said. "Said you flew just like your dad."

"I get that a lot," Harry said. "Guess she's one of the better sources though. Since I'm sure she rarely ever took her eyes of him."

"Ahhh," Ron said goofily. "Young love…"

"Yeah it can sod off…" Harry said in a rather stirred fashion.

"Yeah…ok?" Ron said glancing at Harry.

"Hey Ron," Harry said trying to fake enthusiasm. "You know how you didn't want me to go to the ball with your sister…?"

"Yeah," Ron said.

"Well," Harry said. "You don't have to worry, because she dumped me."

"What?" Ron asked sitting up. "Your joking?"

"Nope," Harry said a little saddened. "I don't have the slightest clue why. I'm officially dateless though."

"I'll talk to her," Ron said. "Or we can get Hermione or Lily to talk to her…."

"Yeah, I guess," Harry said. "I don't know…."

"You'll get her back," Ron said. He seemed a little unsure of where these words were coming from. "If that's what you want..?"

"I don't know," Harry said shrugging. "With all that's going on I really don't know what I want anymore…"

The door opened and Neville walked in almost skipping. "Hello!"

"Neville," Ron and Harry said in unison. "You look rather happy, seeing as we just lost." Ron said.

"Oh," Neville said as if he had suddenly remember that there was a Quidditch match today. "Rotten luck with that, huh? Good job on Malfoy though there Harry."

"Thanks," Harry said grinning.

"So," Neville said smiling. "Actually, I'm happy because I've gone and gotten myself a date for the ball."

"Good for you," Ron said trying to catch Harry's eye. "Whose the lucky girl?"

"Your sister," Neville said smiling. "She just asked me."

"What?" Ron said as the color drained slightly from his face. "You and…my sister?" Harry sat up straight and stared wide eyed at Neville.

"She said she didn't have a date," Neville said. "Said something about her last date not working out…"

"Did she say why?" Harry asked in a loud tone.

"Didn't ask," Neville said grinning. "Should be fun though. It's our second date to a ball. Next thing you know Ron, you and I will end up being brothers." Ron's face went completely white at the mere mention at this.

"Oh well," Neville continued. "I'll see you all later…" He turned and left.

"I did not get dumped for Neville!" Harry said loudly to Ron. "Tell me I didn't get dumped for Neville?!"

"Brothers?" Ron said meekly.

"This is ridiculous," Harry said shocked. "I need to get to the bottom of this…I mean, Neville!?"

"But I already have enough brothers…" Ron said vaguely. "I really don't need anymore…"

"Come on," Harry said jumping up. "Let's go find Hermione and my mum."

"Ginny Longbottom?" Ron mumbled. "This is a really bad dream, right?" As soon as Harry and Ron left the room they ran smack dab into Hermione.

"I was just coming to talk to you!" Hermione said.

"Same here," Harry said. "I got dumped for Neville!"

"What?" Hermione asked confused.

"Ginny Longbottom," Ron mumbled.

Hermione looked from one friend to the next. "Have you both gone mad?"

"Oh I went mad a few years ago," Harry said. "Now I'm on the brink of being a full on loony…"

"I realize this," Hermione said skeptically. "Anyway, I have something more important to tell you! McGonagall just came to my room and got Lily."

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Something about getting prepared," Hermione said. "She was very hush-hush about it."

"She can't be leaving yet," Harry said. "They would let me say good bye…"

"She didn't say she was leaving," Hermione said. "Just preparing…"

"But that must mean they're close," Harry said. "Close to her getting back…"

"What could they be preparing her for?" Ron asked as he suddenly snapped back into reality.

"I don't know," Hermione said shrugging.

Harry looked bewildered for a minute before something suddenly came over him. He face turned very white. "Oh no…"

"What is it, Harry?" Hermione asked concerned.

"The memory charm…" Harry said. "They may be cleaning her memory…"

"Before you got to say goodbye?" Hermione asked. "You think they'd do that?"

"I don't know," Harry said as he took off in the direction of Dumbledore's office. "But I'll be damned if they don't let me say good bye while she still recognizes me…"

"Harry wait!" Hermione yelled after Harry as she ran out of the common room. "Ron and I are coming too…!" Harry slowed down to a jog as Ron and Hermione both caught up to him. The three of them proceeded to head down to Professor Dumbledore's office.

"What exactly are we suppose to do when we get there?" Hermione said a few steps behind Harry.

"I'll think of that when we get there," Harry said quickly. They turned the corner before Harry stopped abruptly. Ron and Hermione both bumped into him.

"Why'd you stop?" Ron asked.

"Listen…" Harry said.

"Well Lily," said a strong female voice that most likely belonged to McGonagall. "You understand the need for us to take precautions…."

"I don't understand," said a quivering voice that Harry instantaneously recognized as Lily's. "Why would he ever…I mean why me?"

"Over there," Harry whispered. The three of them quietly walked nearer to McGonagall's classroom in order to hear better.

"Lily," McGonagall said. "There so much you don't understand and that I can't tell you. Of course, since you were a child things have

changed. As you know, James Potter became involved and he unfortunately was killed…"

"This is all so confusing!" Lily said loudly. "So many questions and no one will answer them! I mean James became involved in the fight against You-Know-Who and he was killed, and now you're telling me that he's after me…Does this mean that I got involved as well?"

"Lily…" McGonagall said. Her voice sounded very sympathetic.

"You can't tell me," Lily said. Harry could hear her voice becoming hoarse. "That look, the look that you, and Harry, and Professor Dumbledore have been giving me all week…"

"Lily," McGonagall said. "All I'm saying is that we need to take precautions for your safety. Spies for the Ministry have just informed us that somehow You-Know-Who has heard of a suspicion of you being here. I can't tell you exactly why or what, because I'm not exactly sure myself, but Lily understand that in your future you may do great things that get in the way of his plans. If he were to find you in a sixteen year old state…"

"He'd do to me what he did to James…" Lily said through tears. "What does it matter though. If James couldn't stop him as a grown man, then obviously I won't do much better…."

"Lily," McGonagall said. "You-Know-Who killed several great wizards, yet he was taken down by a baby boy…sex, strength, or knowledge has nothing to do with results…"

"I just don't understand why he would be so interested in me…" Lily said sobbing. "I mean do you know how hard it is to know you obviously did something to get him to come after you, but then not have a clue as to what that is?"

Outside Harry glanced at Hermione and Ron, both of which were staring back at him. This was the moment that Harry felt about three inches tall. The reason that Voldemort would come after Lily if he knew she was here at sixteen was completely obvious. She would

have Harry and of course Harry in turn would defeat Voldemort. Why not try to kill the source before she could have Harry.

"I'm sorry dear," McGonagall said softly. "Professor Snape is making vast progress. We plan on getting you back to your own time as soon as possible so that you won't have to worry about any of this any longer…"

"Not worry?!" Lily said almost shocked. "My boyfriend, or whatever he is, and is killed by a deranged wizard and apparently I do something that makes him want to come after me!"

"Dear," McGonagall said. "I assure you that you will not have to be worried by these thoughts once you return home…"

"I hate this," Lily said solemnly. "I wish that I had never come here…"

"I know," McGonagall said. "I know. However, for the remainder of your stay I ask that you not leave Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley, or Miss Granger's side. If for whatever reason you must, I ask that you immediately find myself or another professor. Please don't leave the castle for any reason. You-Know-Who is not quite as powerful as he was in your youth, but he has many supporters and many spies that are on he look out for you…"

"But who would have said something?" Lily asked. "Who knows that I'm from the past?"

"Someone who would tell You-Know-Who…" McGonagall said. "That's what Professor Dumbledore and myself are trying to figure out. Now come along, I'll walk you back to the Gryffindor tower…"

"Harry come on," Hermione said tugging on Harry's sleeve. "Now…!" Ron started running off ahead of them while Hermione looked pleadingly at Harry. "We can't get caught!"

"Yeah, ok…" Harry said running off in the direction of Gryffindor. All three of them ran into the common room and collapsed into separate chairs breathing heavily.

"What happened?" came a male voice from behind them They all turned to see Seamus, Lavender, Parvati, Neville, and Ginny staring back at them. Ginny, however, quickly looked down once Harry caught her eye.

"Nothing," Harry said as the portrait hole suddenly swung open and McGonagall and Lily walked in.

"Harry," Lily said walking over to them. "Can I talk to you? To all three of you?" A slight snigger came from Seamus' group, with the exception of Ginny. There was an audible scoff coming from her direction.

"Yeah," Harry said standing up. "Come on, over here…" He led them all to a quieter corner of the common room.

"Ok," Lily said while sniffling slightly. "McGonagall's just told me something…."

"We heard," Harry said. "We were standing outside. We heard everything."

"You did?" Lily asked a little shocked. Ron and Hermione nodded.

"We heard that Voldemort was after you," Harry said.

Ron shuddered, "Don't say his name…"

"I couldn't believe it when she told me," Lily said beginning in to sob. "I mean I never thought that…me…I mean do you know how scary it is to know that he's after you?"

"I have a pretty good idea," Harry said seriously.

"When she wanted me to follow her down to her classroom…" Lily began. "I just thought she wanted to tell be about how things were going with me getting home…then this…"

"It's ok," Hermione said. "It'll all be over soon enough…"

"But do you understand the baggage that I'm taking back to my time with me?" Lily said pleadingly. Harry glanced from Hermione to Ron. None of them seemed to have the heart to tell her.

"So," Lily continued. "Now I'm suppose to not leave the castle, and stay at one of your sides at all times."

"Who do you think told You-Know-Who?" Ron asked quietly.

"I don't know," Lily said shrugging. "I mean the only people who know that I'm from the past are you three and the teachers. Are any of the teachers somehow connected to him or death eaters?" Hermione shot both Harry and Ron a look that told them both to shut up.

"No," Ron said slowly.

"Malfoy…" Harry said after being quiet for awhile.

"You think he knows?" Hermione asked shocked.

"After the other night," Harry said standing up. "I do…I mean you know how his father is practically Voldemort's lap dog. I'm sure he said something about a hinting suspicion of who she might be to his dad, and then he ran off and told Voldemort…"

"That makes sense," Ron said nodding.

"His dad is connected with You-Know-Who?" Lily said anxiously. "I never knew he would become that cracked…."

"Big time," Harry said. "I bet it was Malfoy."

"How can we make sure?" Hermione asked.

"Easy," Harry said seriously. "We ask him…."

****

Several days had pasted with things remaining relatively normal. Well, as normal as possible for a day at school of magic. It was

Wednesday, and Lily had sunk into a slight depression. Harry and Hermione felt that the whole Voldemort situation, plus her homesickness was the cause. Ron and Harry tried everything to get her to smile, but the only time she ever seemed happy was when she thought about her time, her friends, and Harry's dad.

"So the goblin, the mummy, and the dementor all walk into this bar," Ron said as the four of them sat in the common room by the fire that night. "And the bartender says to them, he says…"

"Ron," Hermione said as she looked up from her Transfiguration book, "we've all heard this one…"

"No," Ron said. "That was the goblin, the mummy, and the death eater…"

"Same difference," Hermione mumbled as she continued to read. Harry was reading Quidditch through the ages for what he assumed was the twelve billionth time, all the while Lily and Ron were playing chess.

"It's all right Ron," Lily said forcing a smile at him. "I appreciate the thought…knight to E8."

Harry put his book down and breathed in deeply. He glanced around the common room and caught sight of Ginny walking in. She had her Charms book in her hands as she made her way over to an empty chair. Harry watched as she sat down and began to read.

"I need to find a date to the ball," Harry said sighing.

"I thought you were going with Ginny?" Hermione asked.

"Didn't someone tell you?" Ron asked. "She dumped him."

"What?" Hermione asked. "How come I'm just finding out?"

"I tried to tell you," Harry said casting her a sideways glance. "You changed the subject."

"I wonder why Ginny didn't tell me," Hermione said slowly. "I mean I knew she was a little bothered by something. I mean I could tell. I just didn't know what. She wouldn't' tell anyone."

"She dumped me for Neville," Harry said swallowing hard. "I just wish I knew why."

"I'll talk to her for you," Hermione said.

"No, don't. I don't even care anymore." Harry lied.

"You sure? Hermione asked. "Well, I might just ask her anyway."

"Do what you want," Harry said as he watched Ginny get up and head upstairs. She quickly looked in his direction, but looked away as soon as she noticed he was looking.

"Ginny's always been very secretive," Ron said without looking away from his game. "Castle to B3."

"What do you expect," Hermione said shutting her book. "I mean when you grow up in a house with six brothers…"

"I guess," Ron said. "She's always kept to herself. Probably because she never had a sister to gossip with or whatever it is that sisters do."

"Having a sister isn't really all it's cracked up to be," Lily said making a face.

"Tell Ginny that," Ron said laughing. "I'm sure she would have traded one of us off for one. My money is on Percy…."

"Oh Ron," Hermione said shaking her head.

"Hey," Ron said. "Harry, why not just go to the ball with Lily? If she's still here that is."

"And if she's not?" Harry said laxly.

"Then you hide away in your room all night," Ron said shrugging. "I don't know…"

"If I'm still here," Lily said looking up. "I'll go with you."

"You sure?" Harry asked. "I mean you really don't have to…"

"No," Lily said. "It's ok. I mean it should be fun."

"Ok," Harry said grinning. "That'll show Ginny," he thought to himself. "I can get a date even if, for whatever reason, I'm not good enough for her."

"I don't know what I'll wear," Lily said shrugging. "I mean I haven't any dress robes…."

"Lavender and Parvati have tons," Hermione said. "I'm sure you'll be able to borrow one of theirs."

"There's one ball a year," Ron said looking up. "Why would they have so many dress robes…?"

"In case the don't like the way they look in one," Hermione said.

"Women," Ron said shaking his head. "I'll never understand them."

"They aren't worth trying to understand," Harry said rubbing his head.

"You two…" Hermione said. "So Lily, did you ever go to any balls with Harry's dad?"

"Yeah," Lily said smiling. "Last year. We had only been dating for a few weeks. He was so nervous." She laughed. "Harry, your dad was never nervous. It was cute."

"I hate when girls use that word," Ron said looking at Harry. "Makes me think of bunny rabbits."

Harry smiled. "So he was nervous?" He was trying so hard to cheer Lily up that he would listen to a hundred stories about his dad if that's

what it took. At least he kept telling himself that he only wanted to really hear them because they were cheering Lily up. Secretly it was because he was just as interested.

"Yeah," Lily said. "It was right before Christmas time. The Yule Ball…"

"Oh those are always fun," Hermione said giving Ron a look.

"Hey," Ron said. "I asked you this time didn't I?"

"Shut up," Harry said. "Go on Lily."

"Well," Lily said. "It was just funny to see your dad so nervous. He walked in a wall. He stepped on my feet three times. Mr. Smooth couldn't have been more of a klutz."

"That sounds pretty funny," Harry said smiling.

"Sounds like Neville," Ron said laughing. Harry shot him a look that immediately made him stop.

"Well," Lily said standing up. "I'm tired, so I think I'm going to head up to the room."

"I'll come," Hermione said standing up as well. "Good night boys."

"Night," Harry and Ron said as the girls turned to leave.

"Want to play?" Ron asked glancing up at Harry.

"Yeah," Harry said sitting down on the ground. Before they started playing however, they were interrupted by a small tapping on the window.

"It's an owl," Ron said standing up. The two of them both walked over to the window and lifted it up.

"It's from Sirius," Harry said as he began to read the letter. "Look…"

Harry-

Not to worry you, but there's been some bad news. Voldemort apparently has heard of a sneaking suspicion that Lily may be at Hogwarts. I don't know how he would have figured this out, but whatever the case, you know how important it is to protect her. Rumor has it that Lucius Malfoy had mentioned something of her being at Hogwarts. It would make me think that that little twit of a son of his may have figured something out. Anyway, Dumbledore's gotten more potions experts working on this time travel potion. It really should be a matter of days. Please be alert. Take care.

Sirius

"So it was Malfoy," Ron said shocked. "How on earth did he figure it out?

"I don't know," Harry said. "But tomorrow, we're going to find out…."

"You two are being awfully quiet this morning," Hermione said as she ate her bacon. "What are you up to?"

"Nothing," Harry said as he tried to pretend there really was nothing going on. "Maybe we're just tired."

"Yeah," Ron said as he glanced over to the Slytherian table. "Just tired."

Hermione eyed both of them for a long minute. "I don't believe it."

"Fine then," Harry said a he casually glanced over at Malfoy. When was he going to be able to confront him without the rest of the school being around.

"You're so preoccupied," Hermione began, "that neither of you have noticed that Lily isn't here this morning…"

Harry and Ron both snapped forward to face Hermione. "Where is she?!" Harry asked.

"Calm down," Hermione said calmly. "She didn't feel well and decided it would be best to go to the hospital wing. Madame Pomfrey is looking after her. I'm sure she's fine."

"Hermione," Harry said. "You can't blame me for being a bit cautious. Voldemort is after her!"

Hermione smiled her typical know-it-all smile. "Now you know how Ron and I feel."

"You know lately you've…" Harry began to say before Ron interrupted him.

"Do Crabbe and Goyle ever leave his side?" Ron said. "I mean honestly they're never on their own. You'd think that when they go to the bathroom he lets them hold his…"

"Ron!" Hermione said as she dropped her bacon. "Don't finish that sentence!"

"I'm with Hermione on that one," Harry said looking at Ron.

"Sorry," Ron said shrugging. "I mean I'm just saying. They never seem to not be there."

"Why do you care?" Hermione said. "Are you trying to get Malfoy alone?"

"No," Ron said quickly. He turned back to eating his breakfast.

"You two have been acting weirder than usual," Hermione said shaking her head. "If that's possible." Neither of Ron nor Harry answered.

"Anyway," Hermione said a little irritated. "I talked to Ginny, Harry."

"That's nice," Harry said pretending to be uninterested.

"So," Hermione said. "I found out what happened."

"Good for you," Harry said.

"Don't you want to know?" Hermione asked.

"Why I was dumped for Neville?" Harry said. "I think that's one thing I'd rather not know."

"Well I want to know," Ron said with his mouthful of eggs. "I'd love to know why my baby sister has become a complete loony…"

"Well," Harry said. "I appreciate the thought Ron, but just because she dumped me doesn't make her…"

"I meant cause she asked Neville out," Ron said hiding his laughter.

"I knew that," Harry said. "I knew that…"

"You know I wrote to Fred and George," Ron said grinning. "First told them about the whole you and Ginny thing. They wrote back saying

what a 'fetching and smashing' couple that you two made. Then they said that if you hurt her they would have to 'fetch you and smash you.' Only kidding of course. You're their favorite person ever since you lent them all that money. Always great to lend your best mate's brothers," Ron paused and glared at Harry, " loads of money…but that's another story."

"Sounds like Fred and George," Harry said grinning.

"Yeah," Ron said. "Anyway, I wrote them to tell them about Ginny doing what she did, and the whole Neville thing. George wrote back saying that Fred is still on the floor laughing and that they want loads and loads of pictures to post around the joke shop. Not really sure why though, but they said something about adding to the humor."

"I swear," Hermione said shaking her head. "Anyway, what Ginny said actually made a lot of sense. I can see where she's coming from."

"Let's here it then," Ron said sitting up straight. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Well," Hermione said. "I asked her this morning when I saw her in the hall…."

****

"Hey Gin," Hermione said smiling widely. "What's up?"

"Not much," Ginny said smiling politely. She was still dressed in her nightdress and her hair was matted to her head. "I left my book down in the common room last night and I just went down to get it before someone picked it up."

"Oh," Hermione said as she glanced down to the Defense Against the Dark Arts book that was in Ginny's hand.

"Well," Ginny said smiling. "I'm off to get dressed…"

"Wait," Hermione said. "Can I ask you something before you go?"

Ginny made a face. Almost as if she knew what was coming. "Errr…I suppose."

"You don't have to answer," Hermione said. "I mean I just thought we were friends…"

"We are," Ginny said. "I mean I like to think we are."

"Of course we are," Hermione said. "I mean just because your brother is my best friend doesn't mean that we can't be close too. You can tell me anything. I won't run off and tell Ron."

Ginny smiled.

"Or Harry.." Hermione continued.

Ginny stopped smiling. "Well," she said after a minute. "That's good to know.."

"So," Hermione said. "Now that we've established that. Can I ask you about…"

"About Harry and why I did what I did?" Ginny said running her hand through her long, red hair.

"Essentially," Hermione said smiling awkwardly. "I mean it just came as a bit of a shock to all of us when he told us."

"I'm surprised he even told you," Ginny said as she began to twirl a strand of hair around her finger. Hermione had noticed this as a nervous habit that Ginny had.

"Of course he told us," Hermione said. "He was shocked."

"That's all he was?" Ginny said looking directly at Hermione.

"Well," Hermione said straightening up. "I mean I'm sure he was a lot of things. He didn't really talk about it. Just told us how you dumped him for Neville…"

"I didn't dump him for Neville," Ginny said defensively. "I broke our date for entirely different reasons. I just asked Neville afterwards. He has nothing to do with it."

"So what is the reason?" Hermione asked.

Ginny looked down to the floor and then back up at Hermione. "Because…." She paused. "I did it to him before he could do it to me…."

"What?' Hermione said. "Ginny, Harry never had any plans of dumping you…."

"You have to say that," Ginny said. "You're one of his best friends. I saw it. I saw the way he looked at Lily. There was a definite connection there. A kind of connection that I just recently started to feel between Harry and I. Then she comes and instantaneously there was this chemistry. The way he looked at her… I knew it was inevitable. Everyone was talking about it. How they were never apart, which is true."

Hermione stood there and just stared at Ginny. Of course that was the reason. It made so much sense. She just wished she could clear this whole thing up right here and now. She couldn't say a word though. "Oh Ginny…" Hermione began to say.

"Hermione," Ginny said forcing a smile. "It's ok. I'm…over it. Well, at least I tell myself that."

"She won't be here much longer," Hermione said in Harry's defense. "I mean she's leaving and then things will all go back to normal."

"Maybe," Ginny said still forcing a smile. "I guess we'll see." She turned to walk towards the fifth year's dorm before stopping and turning back towards Hermione. "That look he gives her though…he's yet to ever give it to me, and I've know him for six years."

"Ginny," Hermione said. "Give him some time. Give him a chance to explain himself. He's had a really rough couple weeks…"

Ginny smiled. "I need to go change, I'll see you later?"

"Yeah," Hermione said meekly.

"Ok," Ginny said turning. "Wait….! Hermione, can I ask you something?"

"Of course," Hermione said. "What is it?"

"You and Ron," Ginny said looking up at Hermione and grinning slightly. "You're going to the ball together, right?"

"Yes," Hermione said. "Why?"

"Oh nothing," Ginny said shrugging. "I mean I'm just happy that's all. I'm glad Ron's finally starting to wise up. Just one more thing…"

"What's that?" Hermione said smiling.

"Does this mean that you fancy my brother?" Ginny asked.

****

"So that's what she said," Hermione said glancing up at Harry.

"She thought that Lily and I…" Harry said before he started laughing. "Of course! I'm so stupid!"

"You can be, yes," Hermione said smiling as she glanced over to Ron, who was staring at her intently. "What?" she asked him.

"What'd you say?" Ron said adamantly.

"What?" Hermione asked confused.

"You didn't finish your story," Ron said. "What did you say?"

"I don't know what your talking about Ron," Hermione said as she grabbed a piece of toast.

"Ginny asked you…" Ron said with his voice louder than usual. "You didn't say what you said to her…"

"So all I really have to do," Harry interrupted. "Is just tell her…"

"Tell her what?" Hermione said ignoring Ron's rambling. "Oh no worries Ginny, she's really just my mum! Trust me I wanted to tell her that…"

"I'll figure it out," Harry said. "I wasn't dumped for Neville! This is great!"

"He's not that bad," Hermione said glancing down the table at Neville.

"You don't live with his snoring," Ron said shaking his head. "And back to your story…"

"Come on," Hermione said standing up. "We're going to be late for potions."

"My favorite," Harry said sarcastically. "Wait we have that with the Slytherians….?"

"Six years and you're just not realizing this?" Hermione said staring at Harry as they started to leave the Great Hall. "I swear…"

"Am I invisible?" Ron asked as he jumped up and followed behind them.

****

"Now," Snape said. "You will need to break off into groups of three so that I can conserve these ingredients. Your potion will be graded based on your groups effort. That means if one of you screws up, you all fail." He glared at Neville, who made a small noise. "I really can't afford any mistakes with this. So therefore, I will make the groups."

"Oh great," Hermione said. "Watch one of us get stuck with Malfoy…" Harry glanced at Ron and smiled. Harry knew how much Snape

hated him, and he knew Snape knew how much Ron and he hated Malfoy. It was almost too predictable.

"Brown. Longbottom, and Parkinson," Snape began. "Finnigan, Nott, Goyle…"

"Here we go," Hermione said rolling her eyes.

"Bullstrode, Zabini, Patil…" Snape continued. "Thomas, Crabbe, Granger…"

"Oh not Crabbe," Hermione said as she looked pleadingly at Ron and Harry. "I've seen broomsticks with more sense than him."

"That's not giving the broomstick much credit," Ron said as he looked over to Harry. "You know whose left don't you?"

"I do," Harry said smiling.

"Lastly," Snape said smiling menacingly. "Malfoy, Potter, and Weasley."

"Oh damn," Harry said grinning.

"Rotten luck for us," Ron said trying to hide his grin.

Hermione glared at both of them. "Ok, I'm going to go over there and work now. At least I'm well aware of how dumb Crabbe is. Can't say the same for you two lately…"

"You have an hour," Snape said as he went to his desk. "Beginning……now."

"Let's do this," Harry said as they watched Malfoy saunter over to Hermione's now vacant seat.

"You two better not screw this up," Malfoy said as he took the empty chair and moved it as far away from Ron and Harry as possible. "Just follow my instructions and we might get through this…."

"We can make a simple shrinking potion," Ron said staring a Malfoy. "We don't need to be bossed around by you…"

"I'm sure you can," Malfoy said as he began to slice up toad's liver. "You've obviously used this stuff on your brain several times there, Weasley. Probably on your bank account as well…"

"Real original," Ron said as he picked up his knife. "You probably use it on your…"

"Ron," Harry said glancing at him. "Don't fuel the fire…"

Malfoy glanced up at Harry. "What?"

"I'm just not in the mood today," Harry said nonchalantly. "Not in the mood to put up with you and your petty little attempts to egg us on. I don't feel like fighting you and getting points taken away."

"Whatever," Malfoy said as he continued to cut. They were all interrupted by a scream coming from Lavender and Pansy Parkinson. Neville had apparently tipped the entire tray of frog's liver onto their laps.

"Good to know something's don't change," Harry said laughing.

"What an idiot," Malfoy said scoffing. "They shouldn't even allow him to hold plastic utensils…"

"Well Malfoy," Ron said looking up. "Not everyone can come from such prestigious backgrounds like you did…"

"What are you getting at Weasley?" Malfoy asked as he stopped cutting.

"Nothing," Ron said awkwardly. "I mean I'm just saying that it must be nice to come from all that money…"

"You would say that," Malfoy said laughing a little. "Since you wouldn't know…"

"You didn't let me finish," Ron said glancing up. "It must be nice to come from all that money, but it must suck to have to live with your family and the fact that no one can stand the Malfoy name."

"The Malfoy name demands respect," Malfoy said irritably. "That's more than you can ever say about your family. My father's full of high powered connections, while yours is a lowly ministry employee…"

"Your father's connection are all death eaters…" Ron said interrupting him. "There's no respect there…"

Malfoy just smiled an unusual smile and continued cutting. "Well," he said. "One way or another, he gets things done."

"What exactly does he get done," Harry asked. "Does he hear little rumors about people and run off to tell his all powerful lord?"

Malfoy stopped cutting once again. This time he slowly looked up at Harry. "What are you trying to get at Potter?"

"You know damn well what I'm getting at," Harry said glaring at Malfoy.

"And how are things over here Mr. Malfoy?" Snape asked as he approached the table. He completely ignored the fact that Harry and Ron were even sitting there. Malfoy didn't even look up at Snape. Harry and he were still involved in a staring battle.

"Fine sir," Malfoy said slowly.

"Good," Snape said. "I knew I'd be able to depend on your potions knowledge to help…" He gave Harry and Ron a cast away glance. "These two." With that he walked over to reprimand Neville for spilling something else on the floor.

"Just admit it," Ron said glaring at Malfoy. "You told your dad who you thought Lily was…"

"Did I?" Malfoy asked. "Well Potter, who exactly do I think Lily is?"

"You tell me," Harry said. "If you know Malfoy, you might as well say something. Everyone already suspects you anyway."

Malfoy smiled. "I'm just the messenger," he said innocently. "After our little conversation the other morning in the Great Hall, I just asked my father if he remembered an old school mate…"

****

"Who does that girl think she is?" Draco said as he walked away from the Gryffindor table. "Talking like she knows my father. Like my father would even associate with the likes of her…"

"Who is she?' Crabbe said bluntly.

"Lily something," Draco said rubbing his head. "Didn't catch a last name. Probably some mud blood common name. She looks like a mud blood."

"With her red hair," Goyle said slowly. "She looks like a Weasley."

"Who knows," Draco said. "With that family the kids never stop coming. I guess when you're dead poor you have to find other ways to keep yourself busy."

Crabbe and Goyle laughed. "Maybe a cousin or something?"

"Who cares," Draco said. "But she's a transfer student…that makes no sense."

"Why not?" Goyle asked.

"Idiot," Draco said. "Have we ever had a transfer student into this school? No! You don't transfer in. It doesn't happen. Something's going on. Especially since Potter's involved. I think I need to go and write my father."

"What for?" Crabbe asked.

"Moron…" Draco said as he walked off in the direction of the Slytherian common room. He went to his room and pulled out a piece of parchment.

Father-

I'm writing to inform you of a strange happening here at Hogwarts. There is this girl, a transfer student. I wasn't aware that transfer students were allowed, but that's besides the point. She's been hanging around Harry Potter a lot, and I think something is going on. I became curious when she said she knew you. Her name is Lily. I didn't catch a last name, but she has red hair and green eyes. Hope all is well and send mother my love.

Draco

Several days passed before Draco's eagle owl appeared tapping on his window one night. A response was bounded tightly to its leg.

Draco-

Son, you are right. Hogwarts never admits transfer students. Something peculiar is going on. That description of that girl sounds oddly familiar. I'm going to visit, "someone" later, and I'll run these strange happenings by "Him." Maybe "He" will recognize the description and be able to provide some answers. Did you happen to get a last name of this girl? Keep your eyes open.

-Your Father

****

"I don't think you're even telling us half of what's going on," Harry said.

"Of course I'm not," Malfoy said. "Why would I?"

"Whatever," Harry said. "I know that you and all of them think that she's my mum. Where the hell you would get that from is beyond me…"

"My father, after speaking to his higher powers, just came to an assumption….." Malfoy began.

"So it's all an assumption," Harry said outraged. "I mean you honestly think that my mother has some how appeared in the future? You're cracked!"

"I didn't say that," Malfoy said. "My father made the assumption."

"Well then your whole family is not only twisted, but their also cracked." Harry said shaking his head.

"Well then," Draco said evilly. "What's her last name then?"

"What? Harry said. "I don't know! She's just a friend whose here for a little while. You should really tell your father to find a hobby. She won't even be here long enough for any of your death eater cronies to do any investigations!"

"I wouldn't say that," Malfoy said.

"And why not?" Harry said as he threw his knife down on the table.

"Because," Malfoy said grinning his malicious grin. "Things may be happening faster than you think, Potter."

A/N: Cliffhangers suck don't they? I know ya'll are already cursing the day because I left it there, but don't worry I'll update soon enough!! I mean I updated three times in one week..! That's a huge for me!! Until next time!…..

"He's probably just bluffing," Ron said as he, Harry, and Hermione all left potions together.

"Whose bluffing?" Hermione asked as the three of them made there way to Herbology.

"Malfoy," Harry said as he explained the entire situation to Hermione.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?!" Hermione said shocked and sounding a little hurt.

"Wasn't in the mood for the whole disapproving thing," Harry said. "Anyway, it was just something that happened. We weren't trying to hide it from you."

"Fine," Hermione said shrugging. "Whatever…"

"Don't be upset," Ron said as they walked into the greenhouse. "We have other things to be concerned about right now."

"Yeah," Hermione said shrugging.

"Hermione? Ron?" said a female voice from behind them. It was Parvati. "I was just wondering what color you all are wearing to the ball?"

"Color?" Ron asked.

"Yeah," Parvati asked. "I mean you two are going to match, right? Or at least make sure that you don't clash?"

"You all think about these things?" Ron asked looking at Hermione.

"Well," Hermione said blushing a little. "It is something to think about…"

"Hermione," Lavender said cutting in. "I think you should wear the blue robes. You looked lovely in the them, and they would go well with Ron's eyes…"

"You need to match my eyes?" Ron said looking at Hermione and then to Harry in confused disbelief.

"Oh don't play dumb, Ron," Parvati said. "Lily's wearing this beautiful green robe of Lavender's. Looks fabulous on her…"

"Almost as good as it does on me," Lavender said grinning.

"Right…" Parvati said giving Lavender a look. "Anyway, they make her eyes stand out beautifully. So of course they would look good with Harry's green eyes as well." She paused and looked at Harry. "You know, I just noticed, but you and Lily have almost identical eyes…I mean they're both a brilliant shade of green…"

"Well," said Harry as he changed the subject. "I've got green robes already, so that works out nicely."

"I have Fred's old blue ones," Ron said. "and George's old red ones, and Percy's old silver ones…."

"There you have it!" Parvati said looking at Hermione. "Blue it is! I can't wait until the ball!"

"I can tell," Hermione said awkwardly as she looked up at Ron. "So I'll wear the blue?"

"Ok….blue…" Ron said blushing.

"This ball will be the end of us all," Harry said as he opened up his Herbology book and began to preoccupy himself.

****

By Friday afternoon, the whole school was buzzing about the ball. Who was going with who, and what everyone was going to wear. Everyone's thoughts seemed to be on it. Well, almost everyone…

"Are you feeling better?" Harry asked Lily as they laid around the common room. Hermione had dragged Ron off to the library so it was only him and Lily.

"Yes," Lily said smiling. The sunlight crept across her face as it spilled in from the window she was looking out of. "I just had this headache that I couldn't shake. Madame Pomfrey helped though."

"I'm sure," Harry said as he glanced out the window and watched the Giant Squid bob up and down in the lake.

"I can't believe that thing is still around," Lily said smiling as she glanced around the grounds of Hogwarts. "And look, the Whomping Willow. You know they planted that the year I started here?"

"Did they?" Harry asked pretended that he didn't already know this.

"Uh huh," Lily said nodding. "My friend Emily said that there was this rumor about it guarding something. I didn't believe it though. James, Sirius, Remus, and Peter all thought that that was the stupidest thing they'd ever heard. Like anyone can hide anything in Hogwarts."

Harry smiled as he thought about how his dad and his friends would sit there and try to convince people that there really was nothing going on regarding that tree. "Hey Lily?" he asked. "Can I ask you something?"

"Yeah?" Lily said looking at Harry.

"Why did my dad and Snape not get along?" Harry asked. "I mean did they just not like each other from the beginning or did something happen?"

Lily was quiet. She seemed deep in thought. "I think it was a collection of things," she said finally.

"Really?" Harry asked. "It's just…I mean Snape's always hated me. I've heard little stories from Sirius and Remus as to why this was, but I was just curious as to if there was a crucial moment…"

"Not that I know of," Lily said. "I mean the four of them were very secretive. James and I told each other a lot of things, but there was a bond he had with those guys…a bond that no one could break. This unbreakable trust…"

Harry frowned at that. The simple fact that that unbreakable trust was broken by one of his father's most trusted friends. It made his stomach hurt.

"I mean Snape's just a bad seed," Lily said sighing. "I can still remember the first time I met him. Sometimes first impressions are the only impressions you ever need…"

"What happened?" Harry asked.

"It was on the Express," Lily said looking out the window. "Probably sounds cliché since you really do meet a lot of people the train, but it's true. That and the sorting…"

****

"Take care sweetheart," said a tall woman with light reddish hair.

"I will mum," Lily said nervously. She couldn't help but notice how large this train was. This was the first time she would ever be away from home. London and Scotland were worlds apart.

"Your father told me to tell you how much he loves you," her mother continued as she brushed her daughter's long hair out of her eyes. "We'll both miss you. I'm sure Petunia would say the same."

"I doubt that," Lily said scoffing. "But tell dad that I'll miss him dearly. I love you both."

"Last call!" said a loud voice from the train. "All aboard!"

"I have to go?" Lily said looking at her mother. Her nerves were probably most visible right now.

"You do, dear," said her mother soothingly. "Have fun."

"I….I will…" Lily said turning towards the train. She clutched the bag lunch her mother had prepared for her tightly in her hand as she trembled. She took a few steps forward before she stopped and turned around to face her mother, who just gestured for her to keep walking.

"Ok Lily," Lily thought to herself and she slowly walked forward. "Just keep walking. Look, everyone else is doing it. Just step up to the train and get on it. Everyone else seems to know everyone though. I'm probably the only person who doesn't have any friends here. I wonder how much magic they all know already? They've all grown up around this and I only know what I've read. This is a bad idea, I should have just gone to Dovedale Prep School with my friends. I would have learned everything I needed to know to become a banker. I would have had to have been in Petunia's shadow for the rest of my life, but it probably…….."

"You do understand the train leaves, not the station?" said a male voice from behind her.

"Beg your pardon?" she said as she turned around to see a short, skinny, well dressed boy with dark hair and bluish eyes standing behind her waiting to get on the train.

"I was kidding," said the boy. "I just meant that if you're planning on going to school you actually need to get on the train."

"I know," she said defensively as she took a step up and boarded the train.

"I knew you had it in you," the boy said smiling as he stepping on after her. "First year?"

"Is it that obvious?" she said blushing furiously.

"Probably," he said still grinning as the train began to move. "Wouldn't really know though, since I'm one too."

"Are you?" she asked as she looked the boy up and down. How come he was so confident and collected?

"Yeah," he said seemingly preoccupied by something over Lily's shoulder. "Sirius Black." He extended his hand out.

"Lily Evans," she said nervously shaking his hand.

"A muggle, huh?" he said smiling widely. "Fresh meat."

"What?" Lily said shocked. "What does that mean?"

"I'm kidding," Sirius said. "I didn't mean anything by it. I'm assuming you're a muggle by your name. I don't recall any wizarding families with that name…"

"There aren't," Lily said. "At least I know I'm the first from mine. Does your family go back far?"

"Something like eighteen generations," Sirius said rubbing his head. "I think."

Lily's mouth dropped. "Oh my…"

"You think that's impressive," he said laughing. "You should meet my best mate James. He's a first year as well, so I'm sure you two will eventually cross paths. He can't even trace how many generations his goes back. Completely pure blooded."

"Pure blooded?" she asked questionably.

"Each marriage into the family has had an impressively long wizarding family tree as well," Sirius said. "His is pretty complicated."

"Sounds like it." Lily said in disbelief.

"Well," Sirius said shrugging. "It was nice meeting you. I'm sure I'll see you at the sorting. Try for Gryffindor, it's the best."

"Gryffindor?" Lily asked.

"Yeah," Sirius said smiling. "My whole family has been it. Well, have a good trip." With that he smiled and disappeared towards the back of the train.

"There's so much I need to learn," Lily said as she began to walk forward before a compartment door clicked open and out walked a tall dark haired boy, followed by a shorter boy with dark slicked back hair.

"Now," said the taller boy. "If you are to end up in Slytherian, then of course there are a lot of things that it entails…" He stopped right before Lily, obviously wanting to get around her. "Are you going to move?"

"Umm…yes," Lily said nervously.

"Well then do it," he said condescendingly. "Honestly, first years can be so ignorant…"

"Sorry," Lily said moving out of his way.

"Anyway," said the taller boy. "Severus are you getting all this?"

"Yes," said the shorter boy. He glanced at Lily as they walked past her, before he stopped and faced her. "Are you a first year?"

"I should hope so," said the taller boy.

"Yes," Lily said looking down at her feet.

"So am I," Severus said. "Severus Snape."

"Lily Evans," she said smiling awkwardly.

"Evans?" said the taller boy. "Are you a muggle born?"

"Apparently," Lily said sighing. "I should just stop saying my last name," she thought to herself.

The older boy scoffed and continued walking. "Come along Snape."

"Coming," said the shorter boy. Lily wasn't thrilled with the look he had given her when she admitted that she was muggle born. He seemed to step back like she had the plague. She watched as he quickly chased after the older boy, seemingly happy to get away.

"I hate this," Lily said out loud to herself. She felt like crying. Just jumping off the train and running back to London as fast as she could. She couldn't do that though. So she'd do the next best thing. Find an empty compartment and lock herself away.

"Excuse me," said a small girl who was trying to get around Lily.

"Sorry," Lily said as she finally took a step and started searching for and empty compartment. She reached the end of the train before she found one. "If I don't like it," she said to herself. "I can always just go home…"

The ride was long and very silent before Lily saw the giant castle appear in the distance. "A castle," she thought to herself. "Amazing." The idea of her learning magic was beginning to sound more appealing to her. As the train stopped, she hopped of and followed a group of confused looking first years to the lake. A giant man was standing there beckoning for them to get in the boats. "This is mad," Lily thought to herself. Before she knew it she was standing in a very large room waiting to go into a much larger room.

"What do we have to do?" asked a small blonde girl.

"You have to stand in front of the whole school and perform a transfiguration," said a boy with dark hair and glasses who was standing right next to Lily. "Hope you've all been practicing."

"Are you serious?" said another boy.

"No, that's me," said the boy from earlier on the train. A few people laughed.

"A new group of people for you to use that on," said the boy with glasses as he rolled his eyes.

A woman soon came and gathered the group and took them into a large room in front of the whole school. Slowly everyone was sorted into different house. Lily had ended up in Gryffindor, the house that the boy from the train had said to shoot for. She sat down at the table, not realizing how hungry she really was. She was amazed by the giant feast that appeared before them instantly as everyone dug in.

"Hi there girl from the train," said a voice. It was Sirius.

"Who me?" said Lily.

"Who else would I be talking about," said Sirius smiling.

"I don't know," said the boy with glasses who sat down next to him. "Maybe every other girl in this school who rode the train?"

"Smart ass," Sirius said looking at the boy before turning back to Lily. "Sorry, your name is…"

"Lily," she said.

"Yeah," Sirius said. "I knew that!" Lily smiled.

"Ignore him," said the boy with glasses. "He's a loony. They should lock him up."

"Lock me up?" Sirius said. "That'll never happen! Anyways, James, this is my friend from the train, Lily."

"Hi Lily," the boy named James said as he plastered a goofy grin on his face. "I'm James Potter."

"The one and only," said a blonde girl who sat down beside him.

"Emily," he said looking at her. "You started school this year as well didn't you?"

"That I did," she said smiling widely. "You knew that of course though, right James? I mean we live two house down from each other. You've playing Quidditch with my brothers for years now…"

"We don't talk about you with your brothers," Sirius said coldly.

"Are you still mad about what happened this summer?" Emily asked looking down at Sirius.

"Stop," James said. "I'm not putting up with this on the first day…"

'Hi," Emily said ignoring him and looking at Lily and the various other first years at the table. "I'm Emily Darbur. Just thought I should introduce myself since we'll be together for the next seven years."

"Yes," Sirius said glaring at Emily. "Lets all just introduce ourselves and sing songs and hold hands, shall we?"

Emily glared at him. "Anyway," she said. "You are?"

"Lily Evans," Lily said smiling. "Nice to meet you."

"Likewise," Emily said smiling warmly. "And you?" She looked at a tall skinny boy that had been quietly sitting next to Lily.

"Remus," he said slowly. "Remus Lupin,"

"And you?" Emily said looking at a chubby boy that was next to him.

"Peter Pettigrew," he said glancing around the table. Emily continued to ask every new person at the table and soon enough everyone had been introduced.

"Well nice to meet all of you," Emily said.

"You didn't introduce me," Sirius said with his mouthful.

"Or me," James said grinning.

"This is Sirius Black and James Potter," Emily mumbled quickly as she began to eat her food. "Obnoxious troublemakers who think they're really funny, but they're not."

"Thanks Em," Sirius said as he threw a pea at her. "I swear if you weren't Liam and Sean's little sister…"

"Anyway," Emily said smiling at Lily. "Are you a muggle born?"

"Yes," Lily said meekly. She was beginning to get very tired of everyone ask her this.

"I always think that that's quite an accomplishment," Emily began. "To come from knowing nothing about this world…"

"I suppose," Lily said awkwardly.

"I mean some people just come from long lines of wizarding families and really take advantage of the powers that they have." Emily glared at James and Sirius.

"She's just upset because James turned her cat into a potato," Sirius said smiling. Many of the boys at the table laughed.

"That's funny Sirius," Emily said ignoring him as she buttered bread. "You weren't laughing so hard this summer when I…"

"Stuff it," Sirius said glaring at her. "To think its only the first day…"

"For once I agree with you," Emily said. "And anyway, I didn't just mean you two, I meant people like the Avery's, the Nott's, the Snape's…"

"Snape…" Lily said looking up. "I met him on the train…"

"Sorry," Emily, James, and Sirius all mumbled together.

"He's a prat," James continued.

"Why?" Lily asked.

"Just look at what house he's in," Sirius said looking over at the Slytherian table. "Enough said…"

"Snape and I had a run in at camp a few years ago," James began. "He was in our cabin…things happened…we have yet to get along since."

"Oh," Lily said as she quietly began to eat the rest of her food.

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"Things happened?" Harry asked Lily.

"That's all he ever said," Lily said shrugging. "Never ever commented on it. I asked him a few times and all he would ever do is go off on a tangent about how much he hated Snape. It'll forever be a mystery I suppose."

"I suppose so," Harry said looking out the window wondering even more as to what really transpired between his father and Snape.

That Saturday morning was very busy for the female population of Hogwarts. As Harry and Ron observed, they didn't seem to see a girl all day that wasn't in a hurry to get somewhere else.

"Dark magic," Ron said as he looked around the half empty Great Hall. "I mean none of them even want to eat."

"They're afraid they'll look bloated," Neville said matter of factly.

Ron started blankly at Neville. "Thank you for that brilliant observation, Neville."

"It'll all be over tomorrow," Harry said. "We just have to make it though the night."

"I don't see why you aren't looking forward to this," Seamus said grinning. "I mean you're going with Lily. Maybe you'll get…"

"I don't intend on getting anything," Harry said somewhat afraid of what Seamus was going to say next. Ron was doubled over with laughter.

"Well it should be an interesting night," Dean said shrugging.

"They always are," Harry said looking up. He had an uneasy feeling that something interesting was in fact going to happen. "Interesting isn't always good," he thought to himself.

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"How do I look?" Ron said turning to face Harry, who was sitting on his bed.

"You're robes match your eyes," Harry said sarcastically as he tied his shoe.

"As do yours," Ron said as he took his hand and messed up his already messy red hair leaving pieces of it sticking straight up.

"Hermione will love that," Harry said as he walked over to the mirror and straightened out his glasses.

"I was thinking about turning my hair blue for the night," Ron said with a mischievous smile appearing on his face. "You know so it'll all match."

"She'd kill you," Harry said laughing as he glanced at Neville who emerged from the bathroom.

"What time is it?" Neville asked.

"Half past seven," Harry said glancing at Ron. "We've got fifteen minutes before we have to go downstairs and meet them."

"All right," Ron said breathing in deeply. "I'm ready."

"I'm sure you are," Harry said grinning. "This night is long over do for you."

"You can say that again," Ron mumbled quietly. "I'll be able to handle it though."

"I'll laugh if you bug out," Harry said laughing.

"That's not going to happen," Ron said laughing too.

"Well I do wish you the best," Harry said sighing. "Whatever that may be. Remember though, she's my best friend and…well you know what I'll have to do if…"

"I'm your best friend too," Ron said looking at him.

"Exactly," Harry said. "It work both ways. She does it to you….I laugh."

"Thanks," Ron said sarcastically. "Are you going to talk to my sister tonight."

"I think so," Harry mumbled quietly. "I mean I'm not going to try and win her back, but I just want to clear things up."

"How are you going to clear things up?" Ron asked. "I mean you're not going to tell her are you?"

Harry just stared blankly at Ron. "Come on, let's go downstairs."

"Wait," Ron said as Harry reached for the door knob. "How do I look? Seriously."

"Fine," Harry said shrugging. "Don't be nervous. It's just Hermione. I mean she's seen you covered in dog salvia and vomiting slugs."

"Not my finer moment, eh?" Ron said as he took a step towards the door.

"Not really," Harry said grinning. "Come on." The two of them made there way down into the common room where they saw several couples standing around talking. Harry noticed that there were several other boys standing around looking hapless, most likely waiting for their dates.

"There's Lavender," said Ron as he watched Lavender walk past them. "Wearing…lavender.."

"Actually," Lavender said turning to face them. "It's lilac."

"Sorry…" Ron said not sounding sorry at all. "Where's Seamus?"

"Around," Lavender said with a casual wave of her hand. "I'm mingling. You look nice though. You'll match Hermione and Lily nicely."

"But do I match my eyes?" Ron said as he widened his eyes and moved inches away from Lavender's face.

"Yes, yes," Lavender said backing up. "Honestly…Seamus!!"

Ron and Harry turned to see where Lavender was yelling to. Immediately they burst out laughing as Seamus approached wearing a purplish robe.

"Shut up," Seamus mumbled as he walked past them and over to Lavender.

"Thank god my eyes aren't purple," Ron mumbled to Harry.

"You are so focused on this eye thing," Harry said glancing up towards the girls dorm. "I know you're nervous, but still…"

"Ginny!" Ron said not paying attention to Harry. Instead he was yelling to his sister who was standing next to Neville.

Ginny smiled awkwardly as she slowly walked over to where Ron and Harry were standing. She quickly glanced at Harry before looking at her brother.

"Well don't you look nice," Ron said looking her bronze robes up and down.

"Yeah," Harry said agreeing. "You look really nice."

"Thank you. You both do as well," Ginny said quietly as Neville came over and rested a hand on her shoulder. Both Ron and Harry seemed to have identical reactions of suddenly wanting to rip Neville's arm out of its socket.

"Neville, I'll warn you now," Ron said. "I know where you sleep…"

"Don't worry," Neville said as he glanced at Ginny. "It's going to be a fun evening. Ready Ginny?"

"Yes," Ginny said as she glanced from Neville to Harry to Ron. "Have fun tonight."

"We will," Harry said smiling slowly as he watched as Neville and Ginny exit out of the portrait hole.

"Those hands better stay north of the equator," Ron said glancing at Harry.

"I hear you," Harry said nodding. "I'll be watching just as closely as you…"

"What are we looking at?" came a female voice from beside Harry.

"Lily!" Harry said turning to face his mum. She sure enough looked beautiful in her emerald green robes. Her hair was all tucked up in an elegant bun and her eyes seemed to stand out dramatically. Harry didn't even have to question as to how his father could have fallen in love with her.

"You both look smashing," Lily said smiling mischievously.

"You look great," Ron said as he looked Lily up and down before he got a look from Harry that made him stop.

"So?" Lily said looking at Harry. "Think you dad would have approved?"

"Definitely," Harry said grinning. "You look fantastic."

"Well thanks," Lily said smiling. "Oh Ron, Hermione will be down in a second. I think she's nervous. She looks lovely though."

"It'll be nice to see what she looks like without all those books," Ron said laughing.

"I think you'll be pleasantly surprised," Lily said grinning as her eyes suddenly focused on something behind Ron and Harry. The both turned to see Hermione standing there in her royal blue robes. Her hair was slick and straight, like she usually did it for occasions, but it looked really pretty with half of it up in a curly cluster with a few tendrils escaping to frame her face. Harry and Ron's mouths both dropped.

She smiled nervously at both of them. "Well, say something!?"

"Wow," Harry finally managed to mumbled. "You clean up nice…"

"Thanks," Hermione said as she blushed furiously. "Ron?" Ron didn't respond. He just stared blankly at her.

"Ron," Lily said nudging him. "Generally, it's a good start to a date when you actually…you know…talk to them."

"I'm not going to bug out," Harry said mocking Ron.

Ron blinked a few times before coming to his senses. "You nice look..!"

"Ok?" Hermione said grinning. "You Tarzan, me Jane.."

"Tar-who?" Ron asked.

"It's a muggle thing," Lily said smiling. "I think you meant to say that she looks nice?"

"Yeah," Ron said somewhat confused. "What she said."

"Well," Hermione said as she stepped closer to him. "You do too. Are we ready to go?"

"Yeah," Harry said as he gestured for Hermione and Lily to walk in front of them. He caught Ron's eyes and gave him a thumbs up as Ron bit his fist. "Good job not bugging out…"

"Yeah," Ron whispered. "You didn't tell me she was going to look like that!"

"She doesn't look that different," Harry said. "You just fancy her so she looks…"

"Shut up," Ron said. "What I say goes right now!"

"Yes, sir," Harry said as they both existed the portrait hole after their dates.

****

The foursome entered the Great Hall to see lots of Hogwarts students laughing and complimenting each other. The Hall was lavishly decorated in various colors and the ceiling was a lovely shade of dusky pink.

"Looks nice," Harry said glancing around and smiling at Lily. "Don't you think?"

"Yeah," Lily said grinning. "They really went all out. They never used to put this much effort into decorating when we had balls."

"Shall we sit?" Harry said glancing around at his friends.

"How about over there?" Hermione said pointing to a table that had Seamus, Lavender, Parvati, and a Ravenclaw boy whose name Harry couldn't remember.

"Oh fun," Ron mumbled to Harry as Hermione pulled him in the direction of the table. "Let's sit with the happy couple!"

"Hello everyone," Hermione said as she approached the half empty table. "You all look nice."

"Wow," Seamus said wide eyed as he looked at Lily and Hermione.

"Seamus…" Lavender said as she elbowed him hard in the ribs. "You all look nice," she muttered quickly.

"Thanks," Lily said sitting down. "Parvati did you change?"

"I'm Padema," she said smiling. "Parvati's twin sister."

"Oh," Lily said glancing at Harry goofily. "Her twin…"

"Yup," Harry said trying to restrain his laughter. They both looked as if they were going to burst at the seems from something that was obviously funny to them.

"This is Terry," Lavender said pointing to the boy sitting next to Padema. "He's in Ravenclaw."

"Nice to meet you," the four of them said smiling.

"Dean and Parvati should be here soon," Seamus said slowly. "Apparently Dean decided upon a different color than Parvati and him had originally chosen. She made him go and change."

"You're joking," Ron said shaking his head.

"What's so far fetched about that?" Lavender asked confused.

"Nothing," Ron said glancing at Hermione.

"People are starting to dance," Lily said glancing over to the dance floor. "Come on Harry."

"Uhh…" Harry said glancing around. "You see I have this problem, I'm not exactly a good dancer. I can do the slow ones, but the fast ones like this…"

"Don't want to here it," Lily said as she grabbed his hand and pulled him up. She led him over to the dance floor. "If I could teach your father how to dance, I can teach you."

"I'm sure he wasn't as bad as me," Harry said looking around at all the people dancing.

"Harry," Lily said laughing. "I don't think anyone could really be as bad as your dad was. Then again it may have been nerves. I told you how he would not stop stepping on my feet. As long as you don't do that you'll be fine." With that she started instructing him on what to do and soon enough they were dancing and laughing and having a great time.

"Come on Ron," Harry said a little later as he took a break. "You're not going to take Hermione out there to dance?"

"Harry," Ron said as he watched Harry wipe the sweat off his forehead. "Do you realize how ridiculous you look?"

"Why?" Harry asked. "Because I'm dancing at a ball?"

"No," Ron said. "It's just…"

"What's the hold up?" Lily said coming over to Ron. "Why are you sitting? It's called a dance, not a sit."

"Actually," Ron said interjecting. "It's called a ball…"

"Shut up," Lily said pulling Ron up. "Where's Hermione?"

"Bathroom," Ron said.

"Well then," Lily said looking at Harry. "If you could, please tell Hermione when she gets back to join Ronald on the dance floor. I'm going to warm him up."

"I can't dance," Ron said plea fully.

"Doesn't work," Harry said grinning as Lily led Ron out to the dance floor.

"You look like your having a great time," Seamus said looking up at Harry.

"I am," Harry said smiling. "She's a lot of fun."

"Yeah," Seamus said as she watched her trying to instruct Ron on what to do. "She seems to be in a really good mood for once. Usually she's always down and out."

"I know," Harry said. "I don't what's gotten into her, but its fun. Why don't you go dance?"

Seamus made a head movement towards Lavender who was lecturing Parvati and Padema on the essentials of facial moisturize. "Her call…"

"Sorry," Harry said as he noticed Hermione approach out of the corner of his eye.

"Where's Ron?" she asked.

"Lily's warming him up for you," Harry said grinning. "She was tired of watching you two sitting around. Told me to tell you to go out there when you get back."

"Oh," Hermione said as she looked out to the dance floor and started laughing at the sight of Ron and Lily dancing. As silly as it looked they did look like they were having fun.

"She seems happier," Hermione said as she glanced at Harry.

"Yeah," Harry said vaguely.

"You do too," Hermione said smiling. Harry just smiled as he caught Lily's eye. She saw Hermione and gestured for her to come out to the dance floor.

"Should I go?" Hermione asked.

"He's your date," Harry said.

"She's yours!" Hermione said.

"Ok," Harry said as he stood up. "We'll both go." They both walked out there right as the song ended.

"Good timing," Lily said sarcastically. "You all planned this didn't you?" As she said this a slow song came on and everyone just looked blankly at each other.

"You said you could do this," Lily said looking at Harry. "I don't want to hear any complaints."

She walked over and took one of his hands in hers and rested the other on his shoulder. "Don't step on my feet though."

"I won't," Harry said as he watched the ground.

"Look," Lily said smiling as Harry glanced over his shoulder to see Ron and Hermione dancing.

"Awww," Harry said as he caught Ron's eye. Ron made a face at Harry telling him to shut up.

"They're cute together," Lily said as her and Harry danced. "I mean you can just tell that there's something there."

"Yeah," Harry said. "The past few years I've noticed it. They've both been in denial about it though."

"I think they're starting to come around," Lily said smiling. Harry did too, until he caught a glance of Ginny and Neville slow dancing together. Lily followed his gaze.

"What about you?" Lily said looking at Harry. "Your romantic life?"

"What about it?" Harry said shrugging. "There isn't really one to talk about."

"I doubt that," Lily said. "Maybe you're in denial about something."

"What's that?" Harry asked.

Lily glanced at Ginny.

"I'm not in denial about that," Harry said. "I mean Ginny is Ron's little sister. We're friends…well we were. She's been acting weird lately."

"I think there's a little more to it than just that," Lily said sighing. "Your dad was like this too with me. Sirius told me that for months James kept trying to convince himself that we were just friends and nothing more."

"Why would he do that?" Harry asked.

"James Potter have serious feeling for a girl?" Lily said laughing. "Never! Girls were put on this planet so that he could get a quick snog. Relationships were out of the question."

"Oh," Harry said. "Well, I don't see it like that. I mean if the right girl came along, I could see myself getting serious. I've always felt that way."

"That's what makes you different from your dad," Lily said grinning. "You and Ron are a lot like your dad and Sirius. You both hold a lot of power over the other's decisions, whether you know it or not. Sirius likes variety. It's his personality. James did, but he grew out of it. Much to Sirius' disappointment. If Sirius hadn't been there to help James' make his decisions in the first place, who knows how James would have been. It's confusing I guess, but I'm glad it turned out the way it did."

"I bet," Harry said.

"Back to the point," Lily said glancing over at Ginny again. "Hermione told me what happened."

"Not surprising," Harry said shrugging.

"I'm sorry Harry," Lily said. "I never meant to disrupt your life like this…"

"Don't think that," Harry said seriously. "You definitely did not disrupt my life in a bad way."

Lily smiled. "Just the same though, I really think that you should salvage…that," she said as she gestured towards Ginny.

"Well thanks," Harry said as the song ended and another slow song started up again.

"I'm going to go sit," Lily said. "You can keep dancing though."

"What?" Harry asked. "By myself?"

"No silly," Lily said looking over at Ginny. Harry followed her glance and saw Neville and Ginny headed back to a table. "Go ask her," Lily said pushing Harry towards them. "You need to set things straight. I'll be watching."

"But…" Harry said. "She won't want to talk to me…"

"Go!" Lily said as she headed back to the table. She turned and smiled at Harry before sitting down.

Harry stood there for a second before he realized how stupid he must look standing in the middle of the dance floor by himself. Lily wouldn't let him back down, so there was only one other alternative. He took a very large breath before he started to walk over…

"Hey," Harry said nervously as he approached the table where Neville and Ginny were sitting.

"Hey Harry," Neville said smiling widely. Ginny smiled very awkwardly. "You seem to going mad out there."

"Oh yeah," Harry said rubbing his messy hair. "I guess so. Umm… are you two having a good time?"

"Yes," Neville said turning towards Ginny. "I think so."

"Good to hear," Harry said trying his hardest to smile. "Well, I was just wondering if…uhhh." He stopped. He suddenly couldn't figure out the words to say what he needed to say. "Uhhh…."

"Harry are you all right?" Ginny asked.

"Hey," Hermione said suddenly appearing and giving Harry a reassuring look. "How are things over here?"

"Good," Ginny said smiling. "You and Ron look like you are having a lovely time."

Hermione blushed. "We are, but there only so much dancing Ron can do. That's why I've come over here."

"For what?" Neville asked.

"Well," Hermione said glancing at Harry. "I was just wondering, that is if Ginny doesn't mind, if you would like to dance with me Neville?"

"Right now?" Neville asked.

"Generally," Hermione said smiling. "Ron doesn't mind really. Oddly enough he felt rather comfortable with me asking you out of everyone else."

"Oh really?" Neville said completely misunderstanding what Hermione had meant. "Is that ok with you, Ginny? I'll be right back."

"Go right ahead," Ginny said.

"Ok," Neville said as he stood up and followed Hermione out onto the dance floor.

"So," Harry said turning back towards Ginny. "You really having a good time?"

"Yes," Ginny said matter of factly. "I am."

"Well good," Harry said shifting awkwardly. "So I guess if I asked you to dance you'd be quick to turn me down."

"I'd have to really think about it," Ginny said.

"Ok," Harry said. "Well, I might as well ask you now, because I might have to wait all night for your answer."

"Yeah maybe," Ginny said.

"Do you want to dance?" Harry said gesturing towards the dance floor.

"Why are you asking me anyway?" Ginny said glaring at him.

"Because I'd like to dance with you?" Harry said.

"You have a date who seems to completely capable of dancing with you," Ginny said shortly.

"I'm aware of this," Harry said. "but I'm asking you. Come on Gin. As friends?"

"I…" Ginny said trying to find a reason to object. "Fine…" She slowly stood up and walked out to the dance floor as Harry followed.

"So," Harry said once they were dancing. "Do you want to tell me why you dumped me in the first place. You never really did ever give me a reason."

"You already know why," Ginny said meekly. "I know Hermione told you."

"You're right," Harry said. "She did."

"So why are you asking?" Ginny asked.

"I wanted you to tell me," Harry said. "I need to explain myself and this entire situation, Ginny."

"What's to explain," Ginny said. "You can't control the way you feel about someone. It's natural."

"Exactly," Harry said. "It's a huge misunderstanding though. I don't fancy Lily…"

"Harry," Ginny said looking directly at him. "I may be young, but I wasn't born yesterday. I see the connection that you share…"

"I won't deny that," Harry said interrupting her.

Ginny looked at him as if she had never expected him to say that. "So there you have it, you just admitted that you fancy her. I mean you brought her to the ball…"

"Would you just let me explain?" Harry said pleadingly. "Look, I asked Lily because you dumped me and I really didn't have too many other alternatives. You seem to be under the impression that just because Lily and I have a connection means that we're in love…"

"Well," Ginny said. "What else could I credit it to? I mean are you in love with her?"

"Well, I do love her," Harry said.

Ginny eyes widened in shock. "You love her," she began. "But you don't fancy her? Are you listening to yourself?"

"I love her," Harry continued. "But I'm not in love with her."

"What?" Ginny said.

"Look," Harry said. "You said you noticed a connection. Well, what if I was to get upset because I told you that I noticed a connection between you and Ron?"

"That's stupid," Ginny said. "Ron's my brother. He's family, so of course there a connection."

Harry stared blankly at her. "My point exactly."

"What is?" Ginny asked.

"You two have a connection," Harry said. "A family connection."

"So what does that have to do with you and Lily?" Ginny asked.

"Ginny," Harry said as his voice suddenly broke. "You know the story of my life?"

"Of course," Ginny said. "Why?" Harry stopped and stared into Ginny eyes. He didn't know if he should continue. He only knew that the only way to clear this up was to tell her truth and nothing but the truth.

"Do you remember…" Harry said pausing. "Do you remember my parents names?"

"Umm…" Ginny said slightly taken aback and confused. "No, I can't remember…"

"My dad's name was James," Harry said looking at her.

"Harry," Ginny said. "I don't mean to be rude, but I don't see how…"

"My mother's name," Harry said squeezing Ginny's hand. "Was Lily…"

"They have the same name," Ginny said looking at Harry confused. "That's how you explain the connection?"

"No," Harry said. "They're the same person."

Ginny looked at Harry completely confused. "What?"

"She's from the past," Harry began as he recalled the events of the past few days to Ginny.

"Are you being serious?" Ginny asked meekly.

"Ask your brother," Harry said. "Ask Hermione. They were both there."

"I…" Ginny said shaking her head as the song stopped. "I don't know what to say."

"Well," Harry said letting her go. "I just thought I should let you know because you deserved the truth. Do me a favor though, and don't tell anyone." Ginny just stared at Harry until she suddenly felt a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey," Neville said. "You all right? You look a little pale."

"I'm fine…" Ginny said still looking at Harry.

"Well," Neville said. "Come on, come sit." Harry turned and started to walk away.

"Wait!" Ginny yelled after him.

"What's up?" Harry said as he shoved his hands in his pocket.

"Harry," Ginny said coming up to him. "I'm so sorry."

"You couldn't have known," Harry said shrugging.

"I know," Ginny said. "But I've been terrible to you. I've just been jealous I suppose."

"It's ok," Harry said.

"Can we talk about this later?" Ginny asked plea fully.

"If you want," Harry said smiling a little.

"Ok," Ginny said hugging him suddenly. She looked over his shoulder to see Lily. "Your…?"

"Yes," Harry said. "Trust me, it takes a little getting used to."

Ginny just smiled widely. Harry noticed that the twinkle in her eyes had returned. She turned to go back to Neville, who Harry noticed, looked extremely confused. Harry turned and walked back over to the table to see Lily, Hermione, and Ron all deep in conversation.

"So?" Lily asked as Harry approached. "How'd it go?"

"I think we're good," Harry said grinning.

"Your hands were almost a little too south of the border there, Harry," Ron said smiling.

"Shut up Ron," Hermione said elbowing him playfully. "I'm glad things are back to normal."

"Oh they're far from back to normal," Lily said. "I'm still here."

"True," Harry said sitting down. "Good thing too, or else I'd be dateless."

"I'm sure you could have found a nice Slytherian girl who would have had you," Ron said.

"Speaking of Slytherian," Harry said glancing around the room, "I don't see Malfoy anywhere."

"Is that a bad thing?" Lily asked.

"Well," Harry said seriously. "Yes and no."

"Don't think about him," Hermione said. "It'll ruin the evening."

"You're right," Harry said as he looked around the room. "I need some fresh air."

"I'll come with you," Lily said standing up. "You all staying?"

"Yeah," Ron said glancing at Hermione.

"Ok," Harry said as he and Lily walked over towards the direction of the exit. They reached a small garden area that was magically lit up.

"Wow," Lily said as she glanced around to see several snogging couples. "Maybe we're interrupting?"

"Ahh.." Harry said as he walked over to a nearby clearing. "They can all sod off."

"Oh you'd be doing it if you could," Lily said smiling as she joined him where he was standing. "The grounds look lovely at night don't they?"

"Yeah," Harry said distantly, "and no I wouldn't…"

"Don't lie," Lily said grinning. "You're too much like your dad, and your dad was infamous for hanging out here with his random girls."

"You say that with such enthusiasm," Harry said eyeing Lily. "But seriously, you don't seem bothered at all by talking about my dad's past relationships. Most girls get really sensitive about that sort of thing."

"I don't know," Lily said shrugging. "Never really bothered me. I mean I used to make fun of him for his promiscuity, and I guess it's still just a joke to me. He hates when I bring it up though."

"I can imagine," Harry said. "So I really am that much like my dad?"

Uh-huh," Lily said distantly. "You really are."

"Well," Harry said as a sudden curiosity peaked his mind. "If I'm so much like my dad, then why aren't you…ya know…"

"Attracted to you?" Lily asked as her green eyes met Harry's.

"Yeah," Harry said quickly. "I mean I'm not coming on to you or anything. I'm just curious…"

"Well," Lily said sighing. "It's weird, because it would only make sense that I would be. It's just…there's something about you. Something that just reminds me…I don't know. I don't have a brother so I don't know what that feels like, but if I did…"

"I got it," Harry said grinning. "Well I guess the same goes for me."

"Really?" Lily said as her eyes lit up. "You think of me as a brother?"

"No," Harry said laughing. "I meant…"

"I know what you meant," Lily said smiling. 'Thanks."

"You're welcome," Harry said as he glanced around the garden. People seemed to be disappearing back into the building. Harry watched as the last other couple walked back inside.

"I miss him," Lily said as she followed Harry's gaze. "Your dad…"

"I do too," Harry said quietly. They were both silent until they heard a deep cough from behind them.

"What was that?" Lily asked very alert.

"I don't know," Harry said trying to remain calm, all the while the Voldemort threats, suddenly crept back into his mind. "Come on, lets go back inside."

"Ok," Lily said as they walked towards the door.

"Well, well, well," said a familiar voice in the shadows. "If it isn't Potter and his little…friend."

"Malfoy," Harry said taking a step closer to Lily. "What do you want?"

"What makes you think I want something," Malfoy said smiling menacingly as he stepped in front of there path to the door. He wasn't dressed up for the ball, rather he was in regular everyday clothes.

"Come on Lily," Harry said stepping around Malfoy.

"Not so fast Potter," Malfoy said again stepping in front of him. "It's such a nice night. Why don't you two go and take a stroll on the grounds?"

"We're not allowed to leave the castle," Lily said glaring at Malfoy.

"Well," Malfoy said as he glanced at his fingernails nonchalantly. "Potter has always been one for rules breaking…." He suddenly lowered his hand and looked at something that was over Harry shoulder, as if he was waiting for something. Harry turned around to see what he was looking at, and suddenly had a very bad feeling.

"Look at you," Malfoy said glaring at Harry. "Always have to be the protectorate…"

"Shut up and move," Harry said trying to step around Malfoy.

"Oh not yet," Malfoy said smiling as he checked his watch. "It's not quite time…"

"Time for what?" Lily asked angrily.

"Oh," Malfoy said as his smile just became wider and wider. "You'll see. Or maybe you won't…they might blindfold you so it would be just that much more…surprising."

"Move!" Harry said as he jumped at Malfoy tackling him to the ground.

"Get off me!" Malfoy said reaching for his wand.

"Expelliarmus!" Lily suddenly yelled as Malfoy wand went flying out of his hand. "Accio wand!" She yelled again as the wand flew into her hand. Harry and Malfoy were wrestling on the ground when Harry suddenly took his fist, and with all his might, pummeled it into Malfoy's face.

Malfoy's head fell back against the pavement. He shook his head and reached up and grabbed Harry around the throat, attempting to choke him.

"Help…" Harry managed to squeak out.

"Petrificus Totalus!" Lily screamed as she pointed the wand in their direction. Harry suddenly became rigid and completely petrified.

"Oh god," Lily said as Harry hit the ground with a thud.

Malfoy smiled evilly as he stood up and looked down at the frozen solid Harry. "I guess I should thank you."

"Stay back," Lily said as she pointed her wand at him. "Don't move another step closer."

Malfoy didn't move. He just smiled. "Go ahead and do it, it won't help you anyway. They're coming."

"Whose coming," Lily said nervously.

"You'll see," Malfoy said as he glanced at Harry laying stiffly on the ground. "Only a few more minutes. I mean you can run. Go get help. By the time you found anyone it'd be too late. If anything they'll get Potter, and just come back for you another day."

"Shut up!" Lily yelled at him.

He ignored her. "It's quite the cycle really. If it wasn't so pathetic, it might actually be sweet…"

"Shut up!" Lily screamed with her wand still pointed at him. She kept glancing around to see if 'they' were coming. She wanted to get help, but she knew she couldn't leave Harry because something would happen to him.

"You're staying to protect Potty," Malfoy said grinning. "The cycle continues. I'm sure he would have done the same…"

"What cycle?!" Lily yelled. "You're not making any sense!"

"Can't stop me this time can you Potter?" Malfoy said turning to glance at Harry. "I know you can hear all of this too."

"Shut up!" Lily screamed again. "Help!!"

"It's just amazing how ironic this all is," Malfoy said menacingly. "You save poor Harry. Then he saves you. Then you save him again. It's a cycle…"

"I've never saved Harry from anything before this," Lily said shaking.

"Oh that's right," Malfoy said as he smiled at Harry. "You haven't heard the story yet…"

"What story!?" Lily yelled.

"Oh I do wish I could see the look on your face Potter," Malfoy said turning towards him. "Too bad it's frozen."

"Help!" Lily yelled again. "Please help!"

"You see, Lily," Malfoy said. "You saved Harry when he was just a little boy."

"What are you talking about?" Lily asked.

"Stupid," Malfoy said laughing as he took a step closer. "If I was in your position I would have figured this all out already."

"I'm warning you," Lily said stepping back.

"Why do you think Harry and everyone else is being so secretive with you," Malfoy said. "Trying to hide things from you. Now that's not very nice is it? I won't do that to you."

Lily just glared at him.

"You see Lily," Malfoy continued. "The reason that Harry is so protective of you is because he owes you his life. You saved him. Of course, you really didn't have a choice. Damn maternal instincts. You should have just let him die…then you would have lived"

Lily still didn't say a word.

"You see," Malfoy said smiling the widest he had all night. "You are, or would become, the ever famous boy-who-lived, mother. Yes, that's right. You are his mother."

"I don't believe you," Lily said shaking harder. "I don't believe a word you say…"

"Suit yourself," Malfoy said. "Just don't say I never did you any favors…I'm the only one being honest with you. Your own son is lying to you"

Lily looked at Harry. Her eyes filling up with tears. She glanced back at Malfoy "I hate you!" she screamed. "I hate you!…"

"Accio wands!" screamed a voice from somewhere. Suddenly both the wands in Lily's hands flew out of her hand and into the darkness.

"Whose there?" Malfoy called. "Father?"

There was no reply for a few seconds. "Petrificus totalus," the voice said again, as a stream of light suddenly came pouring out of the darkness.

The light streamed across and suddenly hit Malfoy. He suddenly froze and fell down next Harry, completely petrified.

"Whose there?" Lily asked trembling.

From out of the shadows suddenly stepped a small, female figure. It was Ginny.

"Ginny?" Lily said in shock. "Oh thank god."

"Ginny walked over and looked down at Malfoy and then at Harry. She pointed her want at Harry and reversed the spell. Suddenly, Harry was laying on the ground blinking feverishly.

"Are you all right?" Ginny said kneeling down next to him.

"Yeah," Harry said shaking his head. "What happened? Lily are you all right?"

Lily just stood there shaking. "We need to go."

"We do," Ginny said helping Harry up. "Come on."

"How did you know?" Lily asked Ginny. "That this was going on…."

"Well," Ginny said blushing. "It's just. I was wondering where Harry was. I wanted to talk to him and I thought I'd come find him. I mean I didn't…"

"Thank god I apologized," Harry said still disoriented as they entered the Great Hall. Ginny smiled.

"Where's Ron and Hermione?" Harry asked as he glanced around the room.

"I don't know," Lily said.

"Mr. Potter!" said a very alert voice. It was McGonagall.

"Professor," Harry said as she approached Lily and himself.

"I need you both to follow me immediately," McGonagall said.

"Professor," Lily began. "Malfoy…"

"I'm well aware of what has happened," McGonagall said. "Come along to Professor Dumbledore's office." Ginny stayed behind as Lily and Harry followed. McGonagall led them on the all to familiar route to Dumbledore's office. As they reached the stone gargoyle, Hermione and Ron came into view.

"Oh Harry!" Hermione yelled as he approached.

"Are you two all right?" Ron asked very concerned. "We heard what happened…"

"I'm fine," Harry said rubbing his head. "Thanks to your sister…"

"Ginny?" Ron asked.

"I'll explain later," Harry said glancing at Dumbledore as they entered the office. "Professor, Voldemort's supporters are on their way…"

"They'll never reach the castle," Dumbledore said not looking up from something he was mixing. "Professor McGonagall, if you could please go see over the dance?"

"Of course," McGonagall said as she walked out of the office.

"What are we going to do?" Hermione asked extremely concerned.

"This is all because of me," Lily said sobbing. "I just wish I could go home."

"Well," Dumbledore said. "That's why we've brought you here."

"What?" Lily said her eyes widening. Harry, Ron, and Hermione all quickly looked at Dumbledore.

"It's complete," Dumbledore said looking down at the mixture in front of him. "All but one ingredient. Professor Snape is delivering it right as we speak."

"You mean…" Lily said smiling widely. "I'm going home?"

"Yes," Dumbledore said smiling at her. "In a matter of minutes. Before the supporters get here."

Lily turned towards Harry. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," Harry said smiling. He was so happy she was happy. He still couldn't help but feel upset though. He would never get to see her ever again.

"But first," Dumbledore said making a chair magically appear. "We must take care of a few things. If you would sit."

Lily went and sat down. She glanced around the room. She was realizing that this was the last time she would ever see this.

Dumbledore turned towards Harry, Ron, and Hermione. "You will have to say your goodbyes now. I know this is going very quickly. I never wanted to have to rush you, but you see time is of the essence."

"I understand," Harry said solemnly. As Hermione and Ron walked over to Lily.

"It was really nice meeting you," Ron said blushing.

"Yes," Hermione said grinning. "I know you've effected our lives more than you'll ever realize."

"You two are too sweet," Lily said standing up and hugging each of them. "I'll miss you both dearly. I wish both of you the best of luck, separately and together."

Ron and Hermione both glanced at each other and blushed. They glanced at Harry and stepped back so that he could talk to Lily.

"Well," Harry said a little choked up. "I guess this is goodbye…"

Lily looked into Harry's eyes and smiled warmly, as if she was realizing something that she hadn't realized before. "Harry," she began, "You are such an unbelievable person."

"Thank you," Harry said as tears welled up in his eyes.

"I really mean that," Lily said warmly. "I've never known anyone like you. So brave and sweet. Always looking out for the other person. You're truly a person that I would like to be."

"Stop," Harry said wiping his eyes. As he did this Sanpe walked into the room carrying a small parcel.

"Harry," Dumbledore said. "It's time…"

"Right," Harry said as he took one last glance at his mother. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too," Lily said hugging him warmly. She gave him a kiss on the cheek and sat back down. "Goodbye Harry."

"Bye," Harry managed to squeak out. Hermione put her arm around him. The emotion was really starting to get to him. Dumbledore stepped closer to Lily with his wand pointed at her. He was ready to perform the memory charm.

"Wait!" Lily said as she turned towards Harry. "I have one more thing to say to you…."

"What's that?" Harry asked.

"I know your dad would want me to tell you this," Lily said. "You're everything he ever wanted in a son."

Harry smiled widely.

"Just know your dad would be so proud," Lily said as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Thanks," Harry said.

"And your mum definitely is," Lily said. "Always know that she is and that she loves you."

Ron and Hermione glared at Harry with a look of shock on their face. Harry wasn't paying attention though. A tear ran down his cheek as he wiped it from his face. "I love you too."

Lily smiled and turned towards Dumbledore. "I'm ready." Harry, Ron, and Hermione all stepped behind a large patrician where they could watch but not be seen.

Dumbledore pointed the wand at Lily and began to mumble some incantations. In the background, Snape was mixing the potion. A large bright light filled the room. So bright that everyone else had to close their eyes. After about thirty seconds, it was over.

"Hello, Lily," Dumbledore said smiling. "How are you tonight?"

"Fine," Lily said shrugging. "I mean I have a slight headache. That could be from reading though. I tend to get one if I read too much."

"Do you know what year it is?" Dumbledore said picking up a nearby clock. "At my age you tend to loose track of time."

Lily laughed. "1976, last time I checked."

"Right," Dumbledore said grinning. "And what did you do today?"

"Today?" Lily said trying to think hard. "I really don't remember. That's odd, isn't it?"

"Not as odd as you may think," Dumbledore said glancing over towards Snape. "Is it ready?"

"Yes Professor," Snape said carrying the potion over to the young girl.

"Here Lily," Dumbledore said handing her a small glass. "Drink this. It will make your head feel better."

"Thank you," Lily said glancing at Snape. "Do I know you from somewhere?"

"No," Snape said stepping back and walking to where the others were. They all watched as Lily took a long sip of the potion and with a small pop, disappeared.

"How do we know she got back to her time?" Ron asked concerned.

"I'm still here aren't I," Harry said looking himself up and down. "That's got to be a good sign."

"True," Ron said as the three of them starred at the now vacant chair where Lily had been.

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"Ouch!" Lily said as she shook her head and looked around the library. Sitting on her lap was a copy of the textbook she remembered Snape handing her, but she had no recollection of falling. "How did I end up on the floor?" she said out loud to herself.

"Oh geez," said a male voice. "Getting yourself comfortable there, Lil?"

"What?" Lily said looking up to see Remus extending his hand out to help her up. "I don't know how I fell. I think I blacked out."

"Oh," Remus said. "I thought you were just making yourself comfortable on the floor to read."

"No," Lily said as she walked out of the aisle. "I would at least find a chair for that."

"Do you think you need to go to the hospital wing?" Remus asked.

"I should be all right," Lily said brushing herself off as they walked.

"Found her," Remus said as they approached James, Sirius, and Peter sitting at a nearby table.

"Hey," James said as Lily approached.

"Hey," she said as she walked over and laid a very passionate kiss on him.

"What was that for?" James asked pleasantly surprised.

"Just cause," Lily said smiling. "For some reason it feels like I haven't seen you in ages."

"Oh," James said as he glanced at Sirius and Remus, who were both rolling there eyes and making faces at their behavior. "Well, that's a great excuse."

"So why are you all here?" Lily asked. "I thought you had ages to do this?"

"Dad…" Sirius began in a mocking tone. "I mean James…thought that we should do our essay."

"Aww," Lily said smiling.

"It's not just because you're in here doing yours," James said grinning. "I just need to do mine…"

Remus, Peter, and Sirius just started coughing overdramatically. James eyed them suspiciously.

"So," Lily said opening the book. "To begin. In 1782, the head of the Wizards Council, Harry Underarming…"

"Harry Underarming?" Sirius said laughing hysterically. "Who names someone that?!"

Lily looked at James as if she was lost in thought. "I really like that name," she said suddenly.

"You do?" James asked looking at her.

"Yes," Lily said distantly. "I don't know why, but I really like that name…."

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"Well," Dumbledore said. "Now that that's taken care of, all I have to do is take care of the visitors we have coming."

"And Malfoy," Harry said interjecting.

"Oh Mr. Malfoy will be dealt with appropriately," Dumbledore said. "For now, it's time for a treat. Severus, if you would?"

"Yes Professor," Snape said as he went over and conjured up a few jugs of pumpkin juice.

"What exactly happened with Malfoy?" Hermione asked.

"I'll tell you later," Harry said glancing at Ron. "Ron what's that on your face? Lipsti…"

"Huh?" Ron said wiping at his mouth.

"I didn't say it was on your mouth," Harry said grinning as he glanced over Hermione, who was blushing madly.

"Well," Harry said as Snape handed him a pumpkin juice. "Here's a toast to good friends, family, and…" he paused and looked at Ron. "Good times."

"Cheers," everyone said in unison. They all drank until there was a sudden pop.

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Harry landed with a thump. "Ouch," he said to himself. "What just happened?" He glanced up to see Hermione and Ron, but no one was standing there.

"What the?" Harry said as he glanced around. He was in a corridor. A familiar corridor. He looked around until he suddenly heard voices approaching.

"Honestly," said a female voice. "If you weren't my cousin, I wouldn't put up with you."

"You have to put up with me," said a feeble male voice. "You're dad and mum told you too."

"Just because they told her that," said another male voice. "Doesn't mean she has to."

"You guys think you're so cool," said the weaker voice as Harry saw them appearing around the corner. "Just because you're a whole two years ahead of me."

"How do you think we feel," said the older male voice. "We have to have you tag along to everything we do."

"You act like it's punishment…" said the younger boy who caught glimpse of Harry.

"Hey," said a blonde boy. "You need some help?"

"No," Harry said shaking his head as he stood up. "I'm fine." Harry looked at the four kids standing in front of him.

"Ok," said the girl with bushy, red hair. "Well, we need to get going. We've got to get on that paper."

"What paper?" asked the smaller pudgy boy who, like the girl, had red hair.

"You don't have to worry about it," the other boy with dark hair said. He turned to look at Harry. "Sorry, but what's your name?"

"Harry," Harry said. "And you are?"

"James," said the older boy. "James Potter. These are my friends Mike Bell and Liz Weasley, and that's Liz's…" he paused and rolled his eyes. "Annoying cousin, Thomas Longbottom. What did you say your last name was?"

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THE END!…or is it?? Muhahahaha

Well there you have it! I'm done…Fin! Hope you all enjoyed it. I know I enjoyed writing it. Thanks for all the wonderful reviews over the past few months. I do intend on returning with another fic since summer is coming up and I'll have some free time. So keep your eyes open! Thanks again…curtseys

Steph

Hi me again ! Ok just a quote note to clear up some confusion…I guess I should have made this clearer, because some people don't seem to see this. In the end Harry goes into the future…just as Lily had. So those are the children of his classmates…kind of a twist…I guess that fact that I named Harry's kid James made things confusing. Sorry bout that..!